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The Monthly Journal of the OVERSEAS CLUB & PATRIOTIC LEAGUE

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Vol IV. No. 46, NOVEMBER, 1919.

"We sailed wherever ship could sail,
We founded many a mighty state,-
Pray God our greatness may not fail
Through craven fears of being great"

Tennyson.

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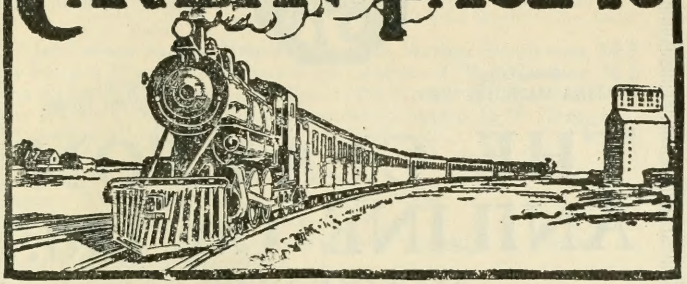

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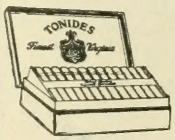

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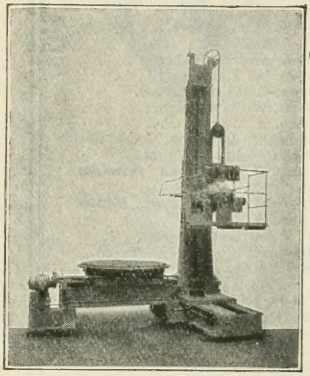

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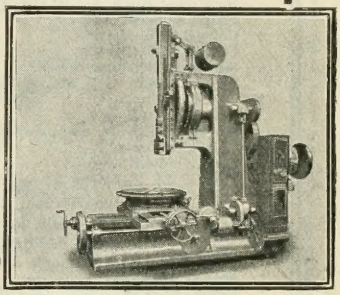

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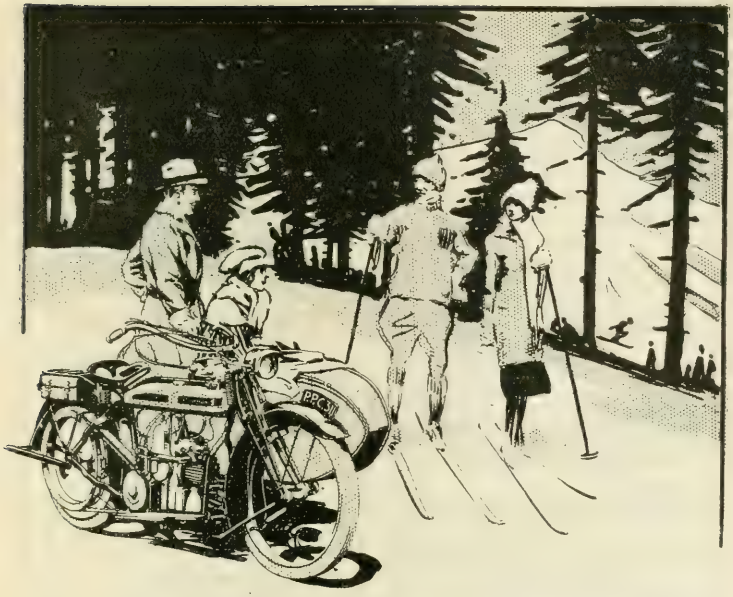

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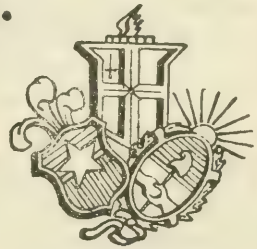

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RESERVE FUND	9,071,250
DEPOSITS, &c.	309,328,800
ADVANCES, &c.	92,784,877

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Other Items	£3,860,041
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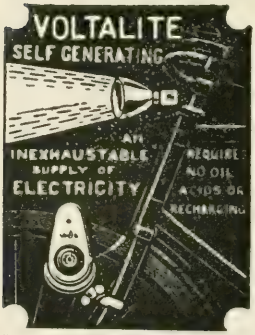

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Vol. IV. No. 46. November, 1919.

My Monthly Letter

By E. W.

My Monthly Letter.

STRIKE THOUGHTS.—As to one result of the strike, from whatever angle we approach it, there can be no doubt. The community, as a whole, has been compelled to devote much thought to labour problems, and the easy-going optimists who imagined that reconstruction implied a comfortable process of "quietly" settling down to pre-War conditions have received a rude shock to their feelings. In the past eleven months, ever since Armistice Day, we have all talked about the new world which was to emerge from the world-struggle. Our political leaders have been conjuring before our eyes visions of the "land fit for heroes," in the creation of which all sections of our people have to co-operate. But it must be confessed that the realisation of these dreams has been a painfully slow process, and the general feeling of discontent existing during the last days of September paved the way for the great industrial disturbance through which we have just passed. A brief recapitulation of some of the chief events of the fateful eight days at the end of last and the beginning of this month may not be out of place in "Overseas." Those behind the scenes in Trade Union and Government circles, with their ears to the ground, may have discerned the far-off rumblings of the coming eruption, but, as far as the ordinary public was concerned, they were in complete ignorance of the impending trouble. They imagined, ever since the Police Union had been defeated, that the workers as a whole were settling down. It was not till Mr. J. H. Thomas, the Secretary of the N.U.R. (National Union of Railwaymen), warned us that we were on the brink of a terrible crisis, three days before the strike commenced, on Saturday, September 27th, that the public had any inkling as to the seriousness of the situation.

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE.—Even as late as midday on Friday, just twelve hours before the strike began, the public still hoped that a way out would be discovered, and it was not till two-thirty

My Monthly Letter.

on Friday afternoon that it was realised the negotiations had broken down and that the strike would commence at midnight. Utter bewilderment was the first impression of the man-in-the-street who had not followed closely the trend of events in the labour world. How was it possible for a great national disaster, such as the complete stoppage of every railway in Great Britain and the striking of 500,000 railwaymen, to take place with such complete suddenness? To describe the strike as a "bolt from the blue" is to under-emphasise the sensations of most people, and in our minds we turned back to those days in July, 1914, when another crisis of a different kind was sprung upon an unexpecting world. No purpose would be served by endeavouring to chronicle the succession of conferences, meetings, and discussions which took place at 10, Downing Street, at Unity House, the headquarters of the railwaymen, and at Caxton Hall, where the Transport Workers and Associated Unions foregathered, till the final meeting took place between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Thomas in the Prime Minister's room on Sunday, October 5th, when the settlement was effected. Few realised on October 1st how near we were to civil war and one of the greatest disasters in our national history. For several days it seemed as if nothing could stop the conflict from becoming a great nation-wide struggle between organised labour and the Government.

HOW THEY KEPT SMILING.—In reviewing the happenings of those anxious days, what have been the chief impressions of the impartial onlooker? First and foremost, without a shadow of doubt, the extraordinary cheerfulness and good behaviour of the people as a whole. Volunteer workers and strikers, with one or two exceptions, behaved in the most exemplary way during a very trying time. The newspapers exhorted the public to keep smiling, and the public nobly responded. The typist who had to trudge six miles before she was able to get a conveyance, and turned up at her work a couple of hours late, smiling, was typical of the attitude of the great mass of both sexes. And the 500,000 railwaymen on strike gave a wonderful object lesson by their orderly behaviour. For, with few exceptions, there was a complete absence

[*Poy, of the London Evening News.*

That Mushroom Growth.

Or a Hitch in the Execution.

Executioner: "Here, that's not fair! Look what's sprung out of the ground."

of sabotage and hooliganism. The suddenness of the strike unquestionably alienated the sympathy of large numbers of the general public from the railwaymen, and the feeling, however much truth there may have been in it, was pretty widespread that the men's leaders had endeavoured to spring a surprise on the nation by completely disorganising transport, and so to compel the Government to surrender. Despite this feeling, there was a very pleasing absence of recrimination except in certain reactionary circles.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE MOTOR.—The outstanding lesson derived from the strike was—thanks to the development of the internal combustion engine—that even railroads and railwaymen are not so indispensable to the life of the community as it was supposed, not least by the strikers themselves. Just as in the War the motor upset all our previous calculations, so in peace the motor lorry and road transport have revolutionised our ideas. The Government, by its prompt action, was, within four days, able to organise a transport service to all parts of the country which absolutely safeguarded the food supplies of the community. This result was possible for several reasons. Firstly, some far-sighted individuals in the Food Controller's office had worked out the details of an emergency system of milk and food distribution, and all the arrangements were ready when the strike commenced. Secondly, owing to the War, the Government had large numbers of motor lorries available. Thirdly, again owing to the War, many thousands of male and female drivers were obtainable straight away. Fourthly, the Government at once put the public back on war rations, and the fact that we had to put saccharine in our tea and eat our toast with a somewhat meagre layer of margarine seemed quite in the natural order of things. And, finally, instant recourse was made to coastwise shipping, for it was realised that 75 per cent. of our population lives close to our leading seaports.

One definite result of the strike has been that already a widespread demand has sprung up for a great

Mr. J. H. Thomas.

My Monthly Letter.

national scheme of motor highways to connect all our chief industrial centres.

THE POINTS INVOLVED.—Without going into all the intricate details involved in the strike, it may be stated that the chief demands of the railwaymen were :—

(1) That the existing wages of the lower grades, which included the war bonus of 33s., and which brought the minimum wage up to 51s. per week, should be standardised upwards with a minimum of £3 per week, and

(2) An all-round standardisation introduced, so that the anomaly of one man in one grade receiving one rate of pay and another man in the same grade receiving a different rate should be removed.

The Government refused to consider the men's demands, and made a "definitive" offer promising that wages should remain at Armistice figures till December 31st next, and, further, that no reduction in wages was to be made on present earnings until three months after the cost of living had decreased by 5 per cent. It will be seen, therefore, that the whole question at issue was one of wages. The final settlement, which was claimed by the extremists on both sides as a victory, was, like so many settlements, in the nature of a compromise. The three chief points being : (1) Work was to be resumed forthwith ; (2) wages to be stabilised in the United Kingdom on the present level up to September 30th, 1920 ; (3) no adult railwayman in Great Britain to receive less than 51s. per week so long as the cost of living is not less than 110 per cent. above pre-war level.

THE MEN'S FEARS.—And for a moment, if we turn from the actual terms of the settlement, what are the reflections uppermost in our minds ? Surely they are two-fold. Firstly, that the employment of force by a section of the community to secure what it considers justice, and which entails a considerable amount of suffering on the part of the nation as a whole, cannot be the last word in an ideal system of democratic government. And if the public at large organises itself into a citizen guard, or call it what you will, to carry on the essential functions of the State, can the Trade Unionists be surprised ? Surely the community is merely responding to force by force ? But, having admitted the inevitable results of high-handed action by any section of the community, let us turn to the workers' standpoint. Without any question, the Trades Unions as a whole were behind the railwaymen. The workers of Great Britain felt that an attempt was being made to dock their wages and to force them back into that position of wage-slavery from which many of them had emerged during the War. Mr. Lloyd George has been among the first to denounce a state of

affairs which permitted able-bodied men in the lower grades of railwaymen to receive 18s. a week for a full week's work in 1914. Those who have been closest in touch with the men admit that, despite the rhetoric of politicians and the elaborate statistics of Government officials, the railway worker felt that the first step was being taken to reduce his wages. However much justification there may have been for his fears is beside the point, for the feeling was there.

My Monthly Letter.

MAKING A NEW WORLD.—No saner comment on this aspect of the situation has appeared than that of *The Times*, on the day following the strike. No one could have expressed more clearly the fact that a new order has, indeed, been called into being and if we wish to arrive at a workable solution with labour, we must realise that a living wage, enabling the worker to live in a state of decency and comfort, must be paid to every individual in the community.

"The ministers or officials who conducted the negotiations with the Union failed to grasp the character and magnitude of the social change through which we are passing. Everybody talks about it, and professes to recognise the passing of an old order and birth of a new one. But while some enthusiastic and ill-balanced minds see it through a magnifying glass and visualise it as larger than it is, others apply the other end of the telescope, and see it dwarfed almost to invisibility. There is to be a change in social relations, they admit, but it is not to affect themselves very much. They must take a larger and franker view, and the others must moderate their notions, if we are to make a real advance and not be driven to the wrong road of violence followed by reaction. Part of the real and legitimate—indeed, irresistible—change is a higher economic and social status for wage-earners. It is verbally approved on all sides, but when the question presents itself in a concrete form most of those who profess approval are found really cherishing the old notions very little modified, and seeking, perhaps unconsciously, to narrow down the change to the smallest dimensions. There is a real foundation for the fear of wage-earners that the superior standard of comfort they have enjoyed during the

The Settlement Smile. Mr. Lloyd George worked hard to bring the strike to a speedy end.

My Monthly Letter.

War—and it is very superior to the former standard, in spite of the cost of living—will gradually be sapped from under them. We should all ask ourselves seriously whether we wish the wage-earners to return to the old standard or not, and, if not, how it is to be prevented. The railwaymen have secured the War standard for a year in advance, and the same treatment will, no doubt, be demanded by others. Our hope is that there need be no reduction next year, but the condition of its fulfilment is that all set to work honestly. Otherwise it will become necessary."

FURTHER THOUGHTS ON THE STRIKE.—While we can all pay a tribute to the part Mr. Lloyd George played in arriving at a settlement, we must deplore the Premier's lack of good judgment in stigmatising the strike as an "anarchist conspiracy." Since its inception, "Overseas" has repeatedly paid tribute to Mr. Lloyd George's many qualities, and we have emphasised the great debt the nation owes him for the part he played in the War, but we must confess that his utterance on this occasion bewilders us. To refer to tens of thousands of loyal Britons, who played their part in the War, as "anarchists" was a grave mistake, and revealed a regrettable absence of sound judgment. If Mr. Lloyd George is in earnest about making the new world, which we all have in view, he will not expedite matters by rash statements of this kind.

Another point which must have impressed many spectators was the dependence of the workers on the capitalist Press. Quite apart from the rights and wrongs of the dispute, when the strike broke out organised labour had only one daily newspaper which championed its cause. The whole capitalist Press of the country, during the first days of the dispute, carried on a great propagandist campaign against the railwaymen, although towards the latter part of the strike a much more moderate tone prevailed, and space was given to the railwaymen's standpoint. This lesson has not been lost on the workers, and plans are now afoot to provide them with daily newspapers, not published for private profit, which will enable them to make their voice heard.

Sooner or later I should like our great newspapers to be vast co-operative enterprises published in the interests of the nation as a whole. The strength of "Overseas" is that it is not produced for private gain, and that it belongs to its readers. Why should we not extend this principle to the field of daily journalism? I can imagine no more absorbing task than the editing of a daily newspaper which belonged to its readers, and which devoted whatever profits it made to the public good. Such a newspaper would not be allied to any party, Conservative, Liberal, or Labour, but would approach every problem from the standpoint of the good of the nation as a whole.

My Monthly Letter.

THE NEED FOR PRODUCTION.—Strikes or no strikes, one of the great needs of the moment is production. Somehow or other we must adjust our differences so that the maximum output from our factories is obtained. Every idle acre which could produce food for our people and every idle factory are a menace to our national welfare. But a vast national readjustment is taking place, and much anxious thought and hard work will be required before we arrive at the meeting point where the so-called "upper classes" and the workers will combine together for the good of all. I often think that our economic and industrial problems would seem so much simpler if we tried to think of them in more human terms. We talk of capital and labour, of capitalism and trade unionism, and we fail to arrive at an understanding of the great waves of unrest which are passing over our country.

But if we tried to find out what was at the back of the workers' minds, the disentangling of the ravelled skein into which our relationships have got would not be such a complicated affair. The worker wants status more than anything, as I have frequently pointed out in these pages, and, as status cannot be obtained without more money, he wants increased wages as well. Probably, if you and I were in his position, we should feel just as he does, and be striving for just the same things as he is aiming at. Broadly, what I take it we mean by the new world we are aiming at is this :— Every man, woman, and child shall have a comfortable home, decent food and clothes, a sufficiency of work with ample time for leisure, and a definite holiday every year. The worker who sees the rich man able to travel, to take long holidays, and to enjoy the pleasant things of life, is asking why the accident of birth should bestow the joys of existence so lavishly on about one-quarter of the population while it condemns the remaining three-quarters of the people to a life of drudgery ?

The prosperous business man knocks off work on Saturday as a matter of course, as the crowded golf-links

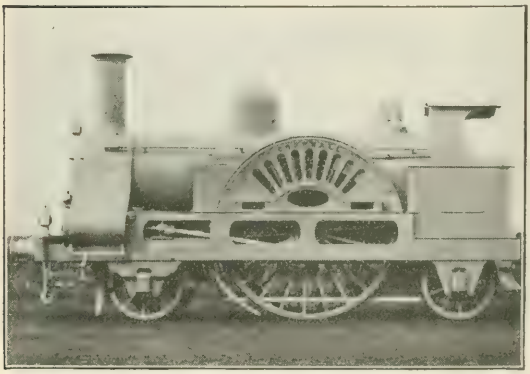
During the Strike no one could accuse London of being an unfriendly city. The owners of every sort of vehicle were ready to give lifts to any of the army of workers trudging citywards they could squeeze in.

My Monthly Letter.

throughout the country testify, but if the worker asks for a five-day week we talk of Bolshevism! It may interest the readers of "Overseas" to know that the headquarters' staff of the Over-Seas Club has for several years only worked five days a week, and I believe that few things are more appreciated by our employees.

THE GOOD OLD VIRTUES.—If we want to avoid strikes and labour troubles the employing class must go half-way to meet the workers. To give an instance of what I mean. A friend of mine who is a large employer of labour is anxious to introduce the reform of allowing his workpeople—and he has some 10,000—a minimum of ten days' holiday in the summer on full pay. But his hands are tied, as his fellow employers will not agree to do likewise, and they have a standing arrangement by which no innovations may be introduced without all-round consent. What will be the result of this short-sightedness? One of these days "payment during holidays for the manual worker"—and remember the clerical staff have already got it—will be the cause of a strike, and some of us will be lamenting the lack of patriotism of the working classes. What a pleasant place the world would be if we would look at our problems from the other fellow's standpoint. The good old virtues of sympathy and human fellowship may seem out-of-date, but they were never more urgently required.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH SCOTLAND?—"A Scotsman" has some interesting remarks to make in a recent issue of the *Weekly Dispatch* bearing on the above subject, for all is not well with the good folk north of the Tweed according to the vital statistics just published. 1917 was a black year for Scotland, as it claims the lowest birth-rate on record and the lowest marriage rate since 1887. Even making due allowance for the War, good Scotsmen are shaking their heads, for how is Scotland, with less than 100,000 births, to continue to run the Empire by providing her usual quota of 100,000 emigrants, who are destined to fill all the big jobs throughout His Majesty's Dominions? The anonymous writer goes further, and adds, "If



PATRIARCHAL ENGINE.

This engine is just 72 years old—the oldest of the London and North Western's. It is called the Cornwall.

My Monthly Letter.

there is not an immediate and substantial improvement in the Scottish birth-rate it is a gloomy look-out for England!" Fortunately, there is just one ray of hope, for the death-rate is also the lowest on record. "A Scotsman" tells us that he sought an explanation from his compatriots without success, so, in despair, he turned to an English friend, whose answer deserves recording. "That's easy," he said; "the price of funerals has gone up." But, seriously, the problem is a grave one, and it will indeed be an evil day for the Empire as a whole if the fountain-head of the stream of Scottish emigration dries up. An Empire without Scotsmen would be as unthinkable as the play without Hamlet.

WHAT IS A LIVING WAGE FOR MARRIED COUPLES?—But it is not only in Scotland that the low birth-rate is receiving attention, and the *Daily Mirror* has been publishing a number of letters as to the "smallest income on which a man can marry." The correspondence started by a young man, in receipt of an income of £3 10s. a week, writing a letter in which he stated that his friends, following the example of Mr. Punch in similar circumstances, said "don't." In their view no man in the so-called middle classes should wed under £4 a week. Letters from all parts of the country have been reaching the *Daily Mirror* giving the writers' view as to the marriageable minimum. A Birmingham woman says, "It is a puzzle to me how any married couple can keep a home going in a big city under £4 a week"; while a Brixton clerk writes that, in his opinion, "it is impossible for a clerk to marry under £6 a week." What are we going to do about the matter? It is just this class of the community which we should encourage to marry if we wish to put a stop to our falling birth-rate. Something must be wrong with a civilisation which makes it practically impossible for the brain-worker or average clerk to marry until he is over forty. In all the discussions and controversies between capital and labour we are apt to forget about the clerical worker, just because he has not organised in the past and does not threaten to "down pens" on the slightest provocation. In many cases the clerk is scan-

[*Poy* of the London *Evening News*.

Fe Fi Taxes (to Fo Fum Rates): "That's all there is. Shall we split it between us?"

My Monthly Letter.

dalously paid in comparison with the artisan. The case of a provincial gas company, which pays a cashier with thirty years' service 47s. 6d., is by no means exceptional. Certainly William Morris's vision of a better world is one that we can all sympathise with. It shows artist and workman, clerk and peasant no longer divided by fictitious classes, but "comrades in creative uses for the common good."

OUR SPENDTHRIFT RULERS.—Public opinion in all parts of the British Isles is seriously concerned with the appalling state of our national finances, and while Mr. Lloyd George has made an eloquent appeal for drastic economy in various Government departments, we are still spending many millions a week more than we can afford. People in all walks of life are seriously wondering how we are to get the national finances back on a sound basis, and various suggestions are being put forward. Mr. Justice Astbury wrote an extremely interesting letter to *The Times* last week suggesting that, as a first step towards raising more money, there should be a restoration to the State of unearned War increment. That is to say, all profits made by exploiting the needs and necessities of the State during the War, the money made by profiteers and successful speculators, as distinct from legitimate business profits, should be demanded by the Government. The chief drawback to Mr. Justice Astbury's suggestions, however, would be the difficulty of tracing these War profits.

Mr. J. R. Clynes, M.P., who represents moderate labour opinion, and whose article on "Direct Action" appeared in last month's "Overseas," thinks that the only sound thing for the Government to do is to institute a capital levy. "You cannot," said Mr. Clynes, "go on indefinitely piling up debt. The only solution is the plan of the Labour Party—a levy on the capital of the country, or a tax upon the accumulated fortunes and profits made during the War." Whatever plans the Government adopts there is no doubt that the present generation will have to be prepared to pay a good proportion of the War costs.

E. W.

The Prince of Wales in the regalia of an Indian Chief. He has won the loyalty and affection of all the Indian tribes, and has had picturesque titles such as "Star of the Morning" given him.

British Labour and the Empire

By the Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson, M.P.,
Secretary of the Labour Party

British Labour and the Empire.

WHAT are the aims of British Labour? How does it propose to attain them? Is it going over to Bolshevism? What is its policy with reference to the Empire?

To answer some of these questions one would have to be a prophet; and I am no prophet. The answer to some of the questions will not be determined by Labour, but by Labour's opponents. And yet there are certain answers which those who know the British Labour Movement can give with some assurance. The aim of the Labour Movement is to give all who work "with hand or brain" the fullest possible life; to give each the greatest share of wealth, welfare and freedom compatible with the same rights to those things on the part of others.

It is not merely a matter of wages, hours; we want freedom and democracy in industry in the sense that those words have heretofore been used as applying to the political sphere. Hitherto, the conditions of daily life of the millions of workers have been settled, even in our political democracy, not so much by themselves as by a tiny economic autocracy—an autocracy having power over the lives of others very much more real than the powers possessed by, for instance, the old political autocracy of Prussia. We are for self-government in industry; self-govern-

Right Hon. Arthur Henderson, M.P.

British Labour and the Empire.

ment not expressed merely by the right to vote for one political party as against another once in five years, but self-government in the sense of the worker having a real and active part in determining his workday life. Self-government, to have real meaning, must mean that. And I think the workers are determined to have that quite irrespective of the question of whether a regime of self-government will give them very much better wages than the old economically autocratic regime. This desire for a different moral status is one which the critics of Labour sometimes overlook. What would a Belgian have said in 1914 if you had suggested to him that his wages and industrial position would have been as good under German administration as under his own? He would have replied that you were misunderstanding what he was fighting for. I think that a somewhat similar misunderstanding sometimes characterises the critics of Labour's aims.

As to the methods of realising these ends, Labour will use the political, as well as the purely industrial, action, both of them constitutionally, unless Government stupidity should prompt a policy which deprives them of the use of the constitutional instrument. It is rather curious, by the way, that the very people who now reprove the worker for not resorting to or not confining himself to the political instrument are sometimes the very people who, a few years ago, were reproving him for meddling in politics at all. The advice then was that he should keep to his trades union, and that the trades union should keep out of politics. But these larger aims of Labour are, in one aspect, political, and in order to realise them constitutionally, it is obvious that he must go into politics. The effect now of excluding the worker from politics is to push him back upon revolutionary action.

I do not believe that British Labour is seriously menaced by "Bolshevism" if, by "Bolshevism," you mean a revolutionary, anti-constitutional movement looking to the destruction of Government by force. It is true that the existing Governments have lost much of their moral authority with the workers, as, indeed, with most of the community. Over and over again it is notorious that Governments have made promises which have not been kept, have made statements which, in the ordinary sense of the meaning of words, were not true, and the workers have, on the whole, shown immense patience in the face of such conduct. But even so, I believe all the genius of the English worker is in the direction of a patient faith in orderly and constitutional means, and that if he ever abandons that faith, it will be on very extreme provocation.

If by Bolshevism you mean Socialism, Communism, I would point this out: no political party in the world is perhaps so eclectic in its doctrines as the Labour Party. It is pledged to no narrow "isms." In the formulation of its policy it has drawn upon all

schools of political and economic thought, and, where a policy or method has been justified by experience, has absorbed it.

British Labour and the Empire.

That same tendency marks its imperial policy. Labour is certainly not "little Englander" in the sense of being indifferent to the potential utility of this great alliance of free states which the Empire, in its best aspect, implies. Labour, indeed, stands in all its traditions for the principle which has made the real strength of the Empire, namely, conciliation through self-government. Labour stands for the extension of that principle and against the principle of exploitation by a central authority. If one could imagine the British Empire becoming an Empire in the old sense of the term—a central government exploiting subject peoples—whatever their colour—for the profits of little groups and big interests at home, then Labour would oppose that policy not only on moral and political grounds, but on economic grounds as well.

It could only be hostile to the interests of the workers as workers, and ultimately, of course, it would be hostile to the security of the Empire itself, and would, sooner or later, mean its disruption. Labour is as much in keeping with the best traditions of the British Empire, this tendency towards free association of free government communities, as it is hostile to the worst traditions of British militarism, traditions that lost us the American colonies, traditions which, nevertheless, from time to time are revived in the interest of commercial exploitation. Happily the worker's interests, as well as his humanity and decency, coincide when it comes to opposing schemes for promoting in Africa or elsewhere schemes based upon the utilisation of servile labour. I have not much doubt but that our comrades of the self-governing dominions are as much alive to the danger of certain tendencies in an Empire which now includes between three and four hundred million "subject peoples" as are the workers at home.

Flatiron Building, New York, the Headquarters of our Tobacco Fund in America. The building is 300 ft. high and was the first steel frame skyscraper to be erected in the world. Sent by Mr. J. Mackay.

THE OVER-SEAS CLUB AND PATRIOTIC LEAGUE.

(Patron : His Majesty The King.)

HE Over - Seas Club and Patriotic League is a non-party society of British subjects residing in all parts of the world. Its underlying motive is to promote the unity of British subjects. Its four chief objects are

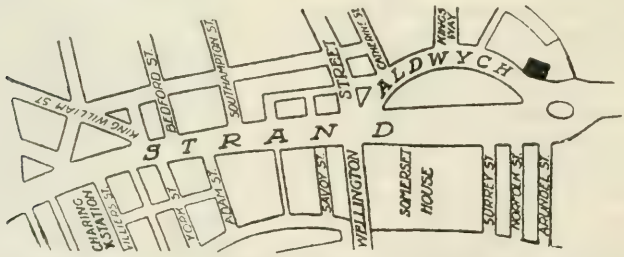
1. To draw together in the bond of comradeship British people the world over.
2. To render individual service to our Empire.
3. To maintain our Empire's supremacy upon the seas and in the air.
4. To help one another.

MEMBERS' CREED.

BELIEVING the British Empire to stand for justice, freedom, order and good government, we pledge ourselves, as citizens of the British Commonwealth of nations, to maintain the heritage handed down to us by our fathers.

HEADQUARTERS.

The Headquarters of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League are situated at General Buildings, Aldwych, London, just opposite Australia House, in the very heart of the Metropolis. Here are provided most of the amenities of an ordinary Club, including Reading, Writing, Billiards, Ladies' and Smoking Rooms, Information Bureau, the provision of a postal address, and the forwarding of Members' mail. Light refreshments can be obtained. Hours of opening, 9.30 a.m. to 8 p.m.



The black square shows the building in which the Over-Seas Club Premises are situated.

Date of Inception	August 27th, 1910
Membership (including Associates)	178,432
Subscribing Membership	25,045
Life Members	2,978

MEMBERSHIP FEES.

All fees include "Overseas" and Membership List.

Residents.	Entrance.	Annually.	Life.
Overseas	Nil.	10s.	£7 7 0
Provinces	5s.	10s.	£10 10 0
London (within 20 miles Charing Cross).	£1 1 0	£1 1 0	£10 10 0

Members' subscriptions become due on January 1st each year. Subscriptions received after October 1st are carried forward to the following year.

Contributions or subscriptions should be addressed to The Hon. Organiser, Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C. 2.

Sir Horace Plunkett, a Great Irish Leader

By T. P. O'Connor, M.P.

[In connection with the starting of the Irish Dominion League Sir Horace Plunkett's name is much to the fore at the present time. The opinions expressed by Mr. T. P. O'Connor are, of course, entirely his own, but "Overseas" believes in opening its pages to those with whom it does not necessarily agree.—Editor.]

JUST before his last trip to America Sir Horace Plunkett received an invitation from the Irish Fellowship Club of Liverpool to deliver an address, and he left to me the arrangements for the meeting. The Irish Fellowship Club consists of a number of Irish ladies and gentlemen who meet periodically either for a literary or a social gathering ; and they always seek to get a speaker distinguished in literary or political life. It was very fitting that such an organisation should be addressed by such a man as Sir Horace Plunkett.

Sir Horace Plunkett, a Great Irish Leader.

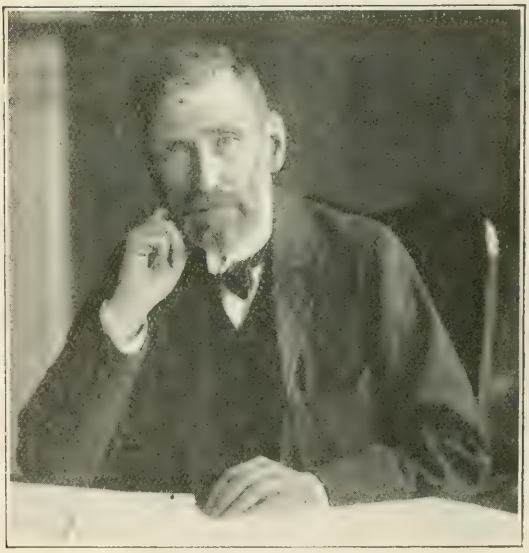
The fateful night came, and Sir Horace Plunkett, who is one of the shyest of men, faced his audience in fear and trembling. I was as nervous for him as he was for himself. Irishmen have their own standard of speaking and few men rise to that standard less than Sir Horace Plunkett. And his speech to the Fellowship Club had all his characteristic defects. He spoke slowly ; almost stammeringly ; he paused often to find the exact word, and there wasn't a bit of colour, not a phrase of passion in the whole address. Yet the fact remains that I have rarely heard an address which produced so profound an effect. The meeting remained in deadly silence throughout—those who know popular assemblies know that this is the truest sign of the profundity of the interest in an audience. It was only at the end that pent up feeling liberated itself ; and there was the very heartiest burst of applause. When you stopped to consider the speech you found that the long hesitation in finding the word ended in the right word always being found ; that the narrative, by its very lack of passion excited passion ; for the simple, almost bald, phrases revealed behind them the tragedy and solemnity of the purpose and the experiences of the speaker.

It was the man, too, that accounted as much as the speech for the extraordinary effect. Not tall, very slight, obviously delicate—Sir Horace has been almost a chronic invalid—very shy, Sir Horace Plunkett nevertheless produced on those who watched him so carefully an impression of tremendous strength. "When I looked at his set jaw," said one of them to me—as a matter of fact Sir Horace Plunkett has not a big jaw, for it is on the same delicate scale as the rest of his features—"I realised that nothing could ever

Sir Horace Plunkett, a Great Irish Leader.

tire or ever stop that man." And that is really the truth. Inflexible tenacity, optimism that nothing can damp, conviction that nothing can change—purpose that is unhasting but also unresting—these are the qualities in the temperament of Sir Horace Plunkett that explain the man and his career. No man has had more knockdown blows ; no man so many enemies—political, I mean, of course—in so many different camps. Long a member of the House of Commons he was thrown out of his constituency by an equally hostile Nationalist and ultra-Tory vote ; creator of the Department of Agriculture, he was dismissed when he could not get a seat, and in the midst of all his activities and hopes as the head of the organisation he had built up. For a long time a Unionist, he was distrusted by Nationalists—for a long time brought to faith in the national demand of Ireland, he has been assailed in language of brutal vulgarity by the Unionists who still remain irreconcilable. Some of his projects have succeeded ; but some have failed. And yet he is going on his steady way, hopeful, feverishly active, with a burning faith in his ideals, and certain that these ideals will ultimately prevail and a new and a happier Ireland arise in the process.

Sir Horace comes from the landlord class and from a long line of ancestors that have been bound up with all that is aristocratic, Norman and antipopular in the centuries since Ireland became the hunting ground of the barons who came over with Strongbow. Possibly, though not probably, he began life with some of the prejudices of his class and of his family, but it is quite clear that a passionate love for Ireland was always in his heart of hearts. For though elected as a Unionist and perhaps for some years believing that under the Union Ireland could get the material and social advancement she required, he never started out with that feeling which may be described as almost anti-Irish, of many of the Irish Unionist sections. For he had always a progressive programme.



Sir Horace Plunkett.

This programme was largely founded on the

spirit of co-operation for common purposes among the agricultural community of Ireland. The co-operator is always bound to find opposition; there are so many interests against the adoption of his principles. But in his slow, steady, unhasting, unresting way Sir Horace Plunkett kept pegging away; and there is a strong co-operative movement in Ireland to-day which, in many parts of the country, has transformed the whole spirit and methods of agriculture.

Sir Horace Plunkett, a Great Irish Leader.

Standing aside from all parties, Sir Horace Plunkett was inevitably pointed out as the chairman of the great Irish Convention which got the opportunity of coming to an agreement on the difficult Irish problem. No man in that Convention worked so passionately for agreement, but the stern facts were too strong for the chairman ; and especially the stern fact that the Orange representatives never really abandoned their *non possumus* attitude. However, a very great measure of agreement was created by the patience, courage and tolerance of Sir Horace Plunkett ; and it was with a comparatively hopeful spirit that he came to London to hand to Mr. Lloyd George the report he had drawn up. It offered, Sir Horace felt sure, a basis of accommodation to any statesman who had the will and the vision to found upon it a scheme that would have liberated Ireland and reconciled England and Ireland. The answer of Mr. Lloyd George was to propose conscription for Ireland ; conscription of soldiers to fight for freedom for other lands in a land not yet liberated! And to make the tragedy more complete, that proposal of conscription—which set Ireland in a flame, which destroyed the last chance of maintaining the constitutional movement and made the triumph of Sinn Fein absolutely inevitable—was made by Mr. Lloyd George on the very afternoon of the day when Sir Horace Plunkett had delivered to the Premier the chance of settling the Irish question. And under this insane blunder of Mr. Lloyd George, not one man was recruited in Ireland ; not one. The only recruits conscription obtained were those that rushed in the tens of thousands into the ranks of the Sinn Feiners.

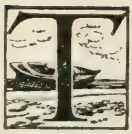
But Sir Horace Plunkett quietly began the very next day spinning again the web which had been so ruthlessly torn to pieces by the clumsy hands of blind ignorant opinion in the Ministerial circles in London ; and now once again the threads are in the loom and Sir Horace Plunkett watches their progress to their ultimate completeness. He has many obstacles, some defeats, some perfidies perhaps still to confront ; but that quiet, shy, slow-spoken delicate man, with the resolute face and the resolute eyes, will keep pegging away until the world wakes up to find that he was right all the time.

T. P.

The Railway Strike and the Man in the Street

By Walter Jerrold

The Railway Strike and the Man in the Street.



HE daily flood of human traffic had been so long safely canalised along the railway lines that it was impossible to avoid wondering what would happen when that flood should find its usual channels closed to it by the strike of the railwaymen. There was, however, little time given to the man in the street to wonder. One day came from the railwaymen's leader emphatic hint of an approaching crisis. (The man in the street troubles himself little about hints; with his cheery optimism he thinks "Oh, they'll settle it somehow," and dismissed it.) Then came the critical meeting, and then —the Strike.

The suddenness with which it came upon him might well have served to crystallise the manifold manifestations of the man in the street into the Mob. It did nothing of the kind; it left him, generally speaking, half amused at the dramatic upsetting of the arrangements of his neighbours, and perhaps a little more than half proud of his own achievement in "walking to the office"; for though the suddenness of the Strike (from the point of view, that is, of the man in the street) was sufficiently dramatic to upset the arrangements of many, yet it upset the equanimity of comparatively few. It was as though the fact that it had come with but brief warning served to stimulate the man in the street to the facing of it. There had been no preliminary warnings, no harping on approaching difficulties, no time to work up nervousness or "make the flesh creep" with anticipatory horrors of all that might be meant by such national disorganisation as must follow on the stoppage of the railways. The very suddenness with which the crisis came served to brace, where it was presumably designed to paralyse.

It was in London that I, as one man in the street, had the opportunity of studying the attitude of my fellows, and in some respects it was perhaps the very best place to be in for the purpose. The London crowd has been described as possessing a psychology peculiarly its own, and to the forming of that psychology good humour and a readiness to make light of discomfort go a very considerable way. That fact was certainly well illustrated anew during the nine days wonder of the Strike. For a nine days wonder it assuredly was, whether we look at the organising of the feeding of the mighty city, with its ordinary lines of supply idle or dislocated to a point but little removed from idleness; whether we

The Railway Strike and the Man in the Street.

consider the admirable restraint exercised by the thousands of men who were on strike ; or whether, as here, we regard the attitude of millions of men and women represented in that of the man in the street.

One curious fact in connection with that same man in the street was the infrequency with which he was heard "taking sides" in the dispute between the railwaymen and the Government. The occasions on which individuals were heard to express themselves with emphasis one way or the other were too few to justify their inclusion among the things said by that broad average of urban humanity, the man in the street. His attitude may well be represented in words which I heard from a working man who had walked four miles to his daily task. "I'm ready to walk every day as long as it goes on." The statement was made so unemotionally that it was not easy to gather whether he would cheerfully do so that the strikers might gain their end or that the Strike might be broken. The resolution of the words and the unemotionalism with which they were uttered were alike representative of the man in the street during this time of dislocation. Whichever "side" he took he was prepared to stick it out, doggedly perhaps, but yet undemonstratively. Thus it was that, in ever thickening streams from the outer suburbs to the centre, pedestrians thronged the thoroughfares in quite unwonted numbers, and made us realise afresh what a mass of humanity had hitherto been filtered into London through its innumerous railway stations. And, so far as one observer could ascertain, among the uncountable units that made up these streams an imperturbable good humour prevailed. Home had to be left rather earlier than usual in the mornings, and reached rather later in the evenings, but this was cheerfully put up with and something of a new camaraderie of the road established among those forced to the taking of unaccustomed daily exercise. "I find the walking is really good for me," said the man in the street with something like naive surprise.

The bicycle, too, came into use again, so much so that some of the streets had such long strings of "push bikes" as might well have reminded old

Familiar Platform Scenes during the Strike. This party was bound for Cape Town and are wondering when they will get there.

The Railway Strike and the Man in the Street.

stagers of the "meets" of the cyclists at Bushey Park some thirty years ago. Motor cycles and motor cars of all kinds were pressed into service, and motorists either picked up friends and took them to their offices or offered "lifts" to pedestrians.

While tentative and truncated railway services were run on some of the suburban lines largely by the aid of volunteer drivers and guards, there were some people who would not use the trains, owing to their sympathy with the strikers, and others who would not trust themselves to trains run by "amateurs."

One feature of the strike in which the man in the street found evident interest was the way in which the clash between the Government and the railwaymen was carried into the advertisement pages of the newspapers and on to the posters on the hoardings. I was in Fleet Street when the great Government bill setting forth the figures as to the wages of different grades of railway men was being posted; I watched the crowd collect at once to read the columns of figures and listened to the comment thereon. That comment was mostly good-natured and mostly non-committal; it may best be summed up in the words of one who glanced at the poster, and then passed on with the remark "Oh figures, they'll prove anything."

Possibly it was the philosophical attitude of the man in the street that brought about so early and so satisfactory a close to the trouble. Had that same man in the street ranged himself emphatically on one side or the other, worse might well have ensued—his philosophical good humour throughout the quarrel may well be regarded as the much discussed "bridge" over which was effected that compromise so dear to the heart of the Briton. The twentieth century man in the street showed in a time of crisis those very qualities on which Edmund Burke had written in the eighteenth century and Charles Dickens in the nineteenth. Burke spoke of "the ancient inbred integrity, piety, good nature and good humour of the people of England," while Dickens commented on "the moderate desires, patience, good sense and good humour of the people of London." In the time of the strike the man in the street proved himself newly worthy of those high testimonials.

Sweeping out the Stations. The Volunteer Army was a thoroughly democratic one.

Mr. Gattie's New Transport System

By Captain E. W. Gregory

"The value of everything depends upon its being where *it is wanted* when *it is wanted."—A. W. Gattie.*

Mr. Gattie's New Transport System.

MR. A. W. GATTIE, whose propositions for the reform of goods transport in Great Britain have aroused such widespread interest, is an energetic, bustling personality who is extremely likely to be successful in stimulating even British officialdom into "getting a move on." Early in life he was an official at the Bank of England, where he obtained a very clear insight into clearing house methods. Later on he became managing director of an electric lamp company. It was his experience with railway breakages of electric light fittings which caused him to make personal and extensive inquiries into the system prevailing in the goods departments of the great English railway companies. With animated gesture, and quoting from memory an immense array of figures, Mr. Gattie described what he found at the goods yards. Cranes in use, fifty years old, short in reach, difficult to handle, wasteful of power. Men truck-hauling goods over miles of platform from one vehicle to another, trucks in use only six minutes in twenty-four hours, the rest of the time blocking up the sideways and sheds, and an extraordinary amount of overlapping of function. Moreover, he discovered, or, at any rate, brought to light in his statement to the Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1918, the fact that there were actually seventy-four scattered goods stations and yards in London.

Every citizen of the Metropolis had been suffering from the consequences of these diversified efforts, but not one in ten thousand knew that the goods stations which helped to muddle up the London transport system reached so high a figure as seventy-four. The immense number of slowly moving horse-drawn waggons and motor lorries which block up the roads of London

Mr. A. W. Gattie, whose Transport Scheme is causing so much interest.

Mr. Gattie's New Transport System.

every day, year in and year out, were explained. They were carting goods from one to another of those seventy-four yards. Mr. Gattie says the whole business of London's terminal work in goods transport can be done at one yard to cover thirty acres of land. This will do away with the seventy-four yards covering 3,000 acres, and will, incidentally, sweep the streets clear of many of the loitering waggons which are a constant daily annoyance and danger to the London citizen.

"But what is the principle at the bottom of your system?" I asked Mr. Gattie.

"It is the principle of the magic carpet in the Arabian Nights Entertainments applied to modern transport. You remember how it was only necessary to take a seat on the carpet, wish your destination and rub a ring, when you found yourself immediately where you wished to be. Now I propose to institute a steel plate for the magic carpet, a few electric buttons for the ring, and instead of magicians I use electro-magnetism." Mr. Gattie again went into figures referring to a multitude of papers, and marvellously executed drawings, and it became possible to visualise the modern magic carpet.

A great goods clearing station such as is proposed for London will be, in effect, a colossal cage 208 feet high and covering fifteen acres of ground. It will have eight floors above the crypt; the railway level; street level; four sorting floors; workshop, recreation and office floor; and, on the top, the aerodrome with its fifteen acres of asphalted landing ground.

The travelling unit which corresponds to the carpet is a steel tray.

Upon these trays containers of goods, or single bales or parcels, are automatically conveyed to their pre-determined destination in the clearing house for despatch. When a long train arrives at the clearing house with containers of goods for other railway systems, or containers of mixed goods for sorting, each waggon comes immediately under the electric cranes, and the containers are all simultaneously transferred, either to the crypt to be automatically carried to the railway system upon which the goods must travel to arrive at their destination, or, in the case of mixed goods, hoisted to the sorting floors. Here the parcels and bales are automatically sorted at the rate of over 1,000 a minute, and then repacked for despatch to their various destinations. The train would then be reloaded with containers of goods for the district from which it came, and the entire operation of unloading, sorting, and reloading would not occupy more than half an hour, and thus the same container can be used several times in the same day.

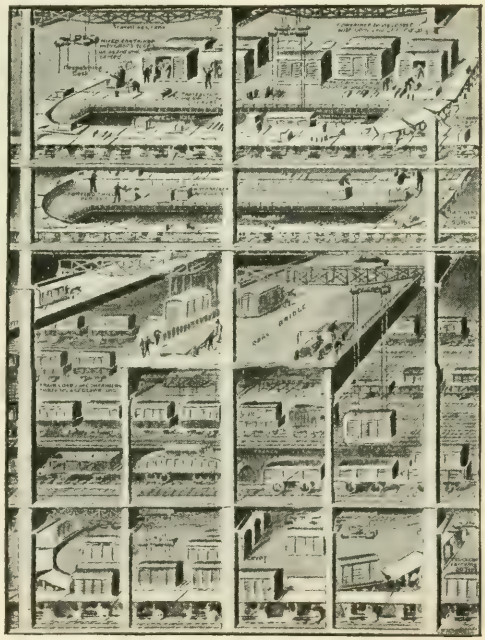
It is impossible in a short space to describe Mr. Gattie's system in detail; but some idea of its magnitude may be gained from the following additional facts about London's suggested great clearing house. There are to be ninety-six powerful electric travelling cranes

Mr. Gattie's New Transport System.

in the crypt. The railway level provides for twenty-two tracks and twenty-four platforms and two enormous garages. Fifty "shuttle" cars ply north and south on this level, which is provided, again, with 192 overhead cranes. Fifty-two light cages and twenty-six staircases give access to all levels. On the sorting floors are conveyor belts and more cranes, escalators and well holes. The clearing house has twenty-six towers each containing two lifts and a broad staircase, with a water tank and five hydrants in case of fire, and on top of all the largest aeroplanes can land in safety.

It was Sir Oliver Lodge who remarked in reference to Mr. Gattie's system that "time is the fourth dimension of space," and it is in the saving of time that Mr. Gattie seeks to solve the question of space which is such a vital one to great cities and to the transport systems of continents.

Eleven years' labour have been put into the scheme which Mr. Gattie is now pushing with such energy at the Board of Trade, and the new Transport Company, of which he is managing director and chairman, have all the machines actually in use at the Battersea Works. The saving in railway waggons alone by the adoption of the system will mean that one twentieth of the 1,500,000 waggons at present in use will be scrapped. Mr. Gattie will move his goods about in three dimensions of space at his clearing houses instead of in one dimension as at present. No one who has ever waited near a goods station can fail to have been mystified by the constant pushing of railway waggons up and down the lines by a locomotive, and the apparently senseless banging backwards and forwards in the yard. Mr. Gattie will change all that, and instead of taking seventeen hours to unload and reload a train, he will do it in five minutes.



This diagram shows a vertical section of one corner of the proposed Goods Clearing House. Trains run direct into the building beneath the road level, and the goods, all packed in "containers," are straightway hoisted or lowered to the various levels (of which only three are shown here) for sorting and despatch.

Loneliness (British East Africa, 1919)

By Capt. F. A. M. Webster, King's African Rifles

Loneliness (British East Africa, 1919).

I HATE the whispering wind in the thin grass walls ;
The long, lean kambamoya binding together
The rickety scheme of my dwelling against the weather,
The yellow pool of flame where the lamplight falls
On the white gleaming top of the smooth deal table,
The steam above the tea, the night of sable
With stars pricked in like a million watching eyes
Of faces laughing somewhere up in the skies
At this pitiful thing that sits and listens and listens
With straining ears for each long-hated sound
To fit into place in the known, unending round.
I dread the wan grey of the first dawn streak that glistens
To summon me back from the safe vale of sleep
To face the hours that leaden-footed creep
So slowly past and find me still alone,
Watching the sun-washed plains no hand has sown
With grain nor homestead for man's maintenance.
The day dies down, the slinking jackals call,
I watch the lamp-thrown shadows on the wall
And wish to God that I might travel hence
To where my thoughts, six thousand miles away,
Are watching lovely children at their play,
And seeing sunshine filtering through green trees.
The scent of gorse is carried down the breeze,
Music is echoed in a soft foot-fall.
There is a wealth of hidden tenderness
Caught in the simple rustling of a dress
As one is passing through a dim-lit hall.

Another night has shut me in again.
I dare not sleep, for throbbing in my brain
Is but one thought informed of my distress—
The day will find me still in loneliness.

MOUNT FUJIYAMA.—THIS MONTH'S PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH.

This view of the highest (12,425 ft.) and most beautiful Mountain in Japan was taken from Shoji, looking across Shoji Lake and Forest. Sent by Mr. C. R. Rice, c/o Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, Yokohama.

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From the Great North-West.

A Peep at Canadian School Children being tempted to play Truant.

Off to School in Western Canada. A snapshot which will fill many school boys and girls with envy. Sent by Mr. Reginald Savage, Regina, Sask.

The Summit of the White Pass, on the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia. Sent by Mr. G. Adams, Atlin, B.C.

OVERSEAS

The Jubilee of Girton College, Cambridge — a Pioneer in Women's Education

By Mrs. Adam, Lecturer in Classics at Girton and Newnham Colleges

The Jubilee of Girton College, Cambridge—a Pioneer in Women's Education.

IN the autumn of the year 1869 a venture was made on a very small scale, but destined to have far-reaching results. Miss Emily Davies, a lady at that time in early middle life, conceived the idea that the best means of improving the education and efficiency of women would be to establish a college "designed," according to the original prospectus, "to hold in relation to girls' schools and home teaching a position analogous to that occupied by the universities towards the public schools for boys." Similar schemes were in the air; stirring schoolmistresses were beginning to press for some place to which they might "transfer the more advanced pupils from school"; Queen's and Bedford Colleges in London, founded about twenty years previously, were doing valuable work, although of a somewhat desultory character, owing to the lack of a recognised standard by which to set the pace; but the plan developed in the mind of Miss Davies had an essential feature which differentiated it from all others. Miss Davies aimed from the first at making the students of her college conform to all conditions of residence, time limits, and examinations imposed by an existing university on its male undergraduates. She rightly saw that if, what seemed to most people a chimera, proof could be given of the ability of women to pursue such a course with success, the whole standard of women's education would be revolutionised.

In those days the only universities in England that counted for anything in the eyes of the public were Oxford and Cambridge. The Scottish universities and Trinity College, Dublin, served the North and part of the Irish community. The University of London

Miss Emily Davies, Foundress of Girton College.

The Jubilee of Girton College, Cambridge—a Pioneer in Women's Education.

was only beginning to find its feet, and was, moreover, at that time purely an examining body ; and the development of local universities up and down the country, that has been so rapid during the last twenty-five years, had then scarcely begun. If a women's college was to acquire prestige, it must endeavour to link itself with Oxford or Cambridge. Miss Davies, and the friends whom her energy and persuasiveness carried with her, decided for Cambridge, to the regret of Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, the present Minister of Education, who in his speech at the Jubilee celebrations in July last declared that he had never been able to understand the reason for "this singular choice." (Needless to say, Mr. Fisher is an ardent Oxonian, who never loses an opportunity to rally the sister university.)

Cambridge, however, was not the first home of "A College for Women," which was the indefinite name adopted at the outset. Hitchin, a little Hertfordshire town, half-way between London and Cambridge, was chosen, with the idea that the railway might bring instructors from both sources. As an experiment an ordinary house was rented and was opened on October 16th, 1869, to receive five students who braved the remonstrances of friends and settled down at Hitchin to keep terms and prepare themselves for the Little Go and honour examinations, in the hope, very far from well grounded, that examiners would test them when the time came. The difficulties in the way of these young women were enormous. To begin with, the Little Go consisted of elementary mathematics and classics ; but these subjects had formed no part of their previous education, and the tutors available were not accustomed to such virgin soil, however intelligent it might be. Tenacity won the day. In January, 1873, three of these earliest students obtained honours in the classical and mathematical triposes, two of them in the second, and one in the third class, and they are canonised in the history of the college as the Girton Pioneers.

That same year, in October, 1873, the college removed from Hitchin to its present site at Girton, near Cambridge. The name "Girton College" was given to the house at Hitchin as soon as the site had been bought and buildings for twenty-one students begun. Funds were raised by public subscription for building purposes, and the students' fees covered running expenses. Till 1881 candidates for examinations were presented informally. The University of Cambridge shut its eyes, and examiners, as individuals, consented to look over papers. The college supplied the teaching, but it was not long before its students began to be admitted by professors and college lecturers in Cambridge, again acting as individuals, to certain lectures and laboratories attended by Cambridge undergraduates. As far as teaching goes, this state of things still holds good : women students exist only on sufferance at

The Jubilee of Girton College, Cambridge—a Pioneer in Women's Education.

Cambridge University, and leave must be asked term by term for them to attend the various courses of lectures. The situation is precarious, but fortunately a tradition has been established that permission should usually be granted, though refusals are not unknown. The desire of Miss Davies and her colleagues on the governing body was to secure recognition for Girton College from the university and Cambridge degrees for the students who had fulfilled all the conditions required of men. In 1881, a memorial asking for the admission of women to degrees was sent up. An ancient university is a timid creature, and on this occasion the authorities declined to put the question to the vote, but, on the other hand, a proposal to throw open the triposes (or Honour Examinations) to the students of Girton and Newnham Colleges, which were now growing side by side at Cambridge, passed with surprisingly little opposition. Further attempts in 1887 and 1897 to obtain degrees for women failed ; in a year or two there may be another acute struggle over this question.

Fifty years ago it was generally thought that an honours university course was impossible for a woman to go through with success, or, if success was achieved, that she would be irreparably ruined for ordinary life. Thanks to the Girton Pioneers, such illusions to-day seem grotesque. "My dear, she was a nice girl, with nice rosy cheeks and nice manners, and nicely dressed ; and you wouldn't have thought she knew anything." Such was the reassuring verdict of a lady who, with misgiving, had invited an early product of the college to dine with her.

No one now expects the personality of a girl who goes to a college to be spoilt. If any such pessimists survive, they would hardly remain unconverted could they have seen the admirable skill and precision of the present students in waiting on several hundreds of their seniors at the Jubilee dinner on July 26th. The domestic staff on that occasion was invisible, and no one who was not a member of the college was allowed to enter the dining hall. The early single block of buildings has expanded into a complicated structure, not unlike a game of dominoes. Visitors complain of the length of the corridors, but the college is not nearly large enough to hold all who would enter its gates. The life is very healthy ; many more outdoor sports are now available for the students than in the Hitchin days, when not even lawn tennis had begun. As a rule a student has two rooms, and can manage her time very much as she pleases provided that she is regular in her attendance at the lectures to which she undertakes to go. Of course societies abound, and in recent years the students have joined in a good many undergraduate discussion societies in Cambridge. The choral and orchestral concerts organised and conducted entirely by the students have, particularly of late, reached a remarkably high standard.

The Jubilee of Girton College, Cambridge—a Pioneer in Women's Education.

Now that fifty years have passed, the college can triumphantly refute its adversaries who asserted that its daughters would be cumberers of the ground. Of the three pioneers, two, Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Corbett, are no longer living. Mrs. Scott led an extremely active life at Manchester, where she was known as a power in educational matters. The third, Miss Lumsden, now aged not far short of eighty, was an honoured guest at the Jubilee, where she made the speech of the evening, with a voice that carried far better than those of her juniors to the bottom of the large hall. In science and letters much good work has been done. Girtonians are eminent in public administration ; for example, the Principal Lady Factory Inspector and the Chief Woman Inspector of Labour Exchanges came to salute their old college at the Jubilee, and an ex-Deputy Chairman of the London County Council, together with several other members of that and similar bodies, are numbered among the *c lumnæ*. On the authority of Mr. Punch, it is stated that the name of Mrs. Ayrton, the inventor of the Ayrton fan for driving away poison gases, is better known to the British Tommy than those of his own generals.

But it is as a background to professional and domestic life that the college keeps its strongest hold on the affections of those whom it sends forth, and of this no better proof can be given than the readiness of Girtonian mothers to send their daughters to follow in their footsteps. To the surviving founders, Miss Davies and Mr. Sedley Taylor, and to Lord Bryce, who joined the Executive Committee shortly after the opening at Hitchin, a chorus of gratitude from some 1,300 old students has this year been raised on account of the foresight, courage, and perseverance of those who promoted " A College for Women " in 1869.

Front View of Girton College, showing the Chapel on the right.

A Song of November

A Song of November.

STILL and bare, under grey skies, wrapped by grey mists, lies Earth. Spring and summer and autumn, with guerdon of glory and wonder have swept over the face of it and gone, carrying away with them life and light, and all of colour and song. Very quiet are the long furrows of brown earth where the corn a few months back waved in the breeze, dipped and swayed and whispered, eddied and swirled to the touch of the wind.

Hushed are the soaring song of the lark and the whirr and hum of insect on the wing. Monotonous stretch out on every side the inscrutable fields, deserted and desolate, a dreary stretch of stone and stubble. Where have they gone, gold of corn and flaming scarlet of poppy? Does the sky in its sunset glory hold the memory of their magic and the promise of their return? Is the robin's song left to the wintry day as a reminder of the choir which made glad a summer world and waits to fill a new summer with new song?

In the garden where a riot of colour and wonder held triumphant sway the empty beds and borders lie cold and still, and baffled eyes, which have rested on purple of pansy, on larkspur and lupin, on the sweetness of honeysuckle and the marvel of lily and rose, strive in vain to pierce through the seeming death to the life they have known and again will know.

Close at hand, hidden from observation, under the screening grass and soil of moor and upland and earth's wide spaces, beneath our wandering feet wherever they may stray, lies the fairy world of sleeping seeds—self-sown seeds of every size and hue and delicate design side by side in serried ranks, waiting for the clarion call of spring and the glad day of awakening.

When November, with shrouding mists and shortening days steals over the land, all nature seems caught in the spell of that mysterious foe which mortals call depression. Depression—the very word gives one a grey feeling. It brings to mind a procession of dreary days, days in which the sunshine seemed robbed of its gold and work was meaningless and the grasshopper a burden. We all know something of it, none are so happy as entirely to escape. Without warning it swoops upon us, without rhyme or reason, and in a moment all the colour is blotted out of the world. But the wise soul, in such hours, will turn to Mother Earth and to her blessed reminder of the golden seeds of promise which lie evermore at the heart of winter's desolation.

Depression is the forcing ground of the will, no dead and barren thing, but pregnant with possibilities of new life. Here is our chance, everything is attacked, thought seems paralysed and feeling

A Song of November.

dead, there is no desire in us to work, and no interest in what we do, the whole weight is thrown back on the will ; but upon the way in which the will stands the test depends the glory of the springtime which is to come. "When I am in heaviness I will think upon God," sang the Psalmist, and could we but rise on those wings the grey mists would soon be left behind—alas ! we cannot think, we cannot concentrate, we cannot pray. Difficult circumstances are often easier of conquest than difficult moods, a thing which is outside oneself can be coped with, but when the very citadels of the soul are attacked it is a challenge to which the most undaunted attributes in man alone are great enough to reply. Bunyan when he saw in his dream the miry depths of the Slough of Despond heard also the heavenly messenger, whose helping hand drew Christian on to dry ground, speak of the "good and substantial steps" which are placed in the very midst of the slough. The steps are not easy to find, but very assuredly they are there waiting for our feet. If we feel nothing, desire nothing, if zest languishes and joy has spread its wing, we can at least see to it that each duty which comes our way meets with the full response of our will. Though there is greyness in our hearts we can determine that it shall not spread ; if we but choose there is a garment of praise wherewith we may cover the spirit of heaviness. Will power is the backbone of the world, anything that develops such power in us is worth the highest price we can pay.

Not for nothing does earth lie cold and bare under November skies, not for nothing come the wintry days of the land of the spirit. Secret wonders, unknown to us, are unfolding in the dark, behind the mists and clouds still abides unchanged the sun of righteousness with healing in its wings. "Remember all the fruit, the full gold sheaves, for nothing dies ; the songs that are, are silences that were, summer was winter. O ! put out green leaves." H. d. V.

The Old Mission, Santa Barbara, California, U.S.A. Sent by Mr. J. Mackay, P.O. Box 510, Santa Barbara.

Chess—the Game of Kings

By L. Van Vliet, Chess Editor of the "Sunday Times" and International Chess Master.

[The recent Chess Tournament at Hastings has again drawn attention to the extraordinary hold the game has on all ages. It certainly seems true, as its supporters maintain, that chess was never more popular than it is to-day.]

Chess—the Game of Kings.

NEXT to being a millionaire, perhaps one of the best overseas passports is to be a chess player.

In all civilised countries every city or town of any pretension has at least one chess club and, in addition, probably a public café where patrons can play chess if, like Sairy Gamp, they feel so "dispoged." The traveller or stranger is always sure of a welcome in any of these resorts, and if he be a player above the average amateur, he will very likely receive homage and admiration, and perhaps create a sensation!

I had an amusing experience to this effect, when I was quite a young player, on one Sunday which I was obliged to spend at Reno, Nevada, U.S.A.; but the space at my disposal (not modesty) precludes giving particulars. Suffice it to say that I knew no one at Reno, and that I should have had to pass a lonely day if it had not been for my knowledge of chess; but that, as it was, I had quite a jolly time, in most agreeable and appreciative company. And let no one imagine that the citizens of Reno are ungodly because some of them play chess on Sundays, for, except in Britain, chess is played on Sundays in all European countries, quite publicly, as well as in many cities in the United States besides Reno.

If, perchance, a chess player—and especially an expert—should be at some spot on the globe where there is no chess resort, he will most likely find some one fond of chess who will be eager to offer him private hospitality for the pleasure of a few games. No doubt there is now a chess club in Victoria, British Columbia. But when I visited that delightful place years ago there was no chess club. Very soon after my arrival, however, I made the acquaintance of a thorough enthusiast who, during my stay of several weeks in Victoria, was ever anxious to lavish greater hospitality than I cared to accept.

I could give many instances where well-known experts of the present and past have had a good time at slight expense, in European countries, in the United States, Canada, South America, South Africa, India, and the Australian Colonies, thanks to their skill at chess. Considerations of space, however, again preclude giving details.

A good knowledge of chess has also sometimes been of assistance

Chess—the Game of Kings.

in business and professional matters, and in at least two instances has led on to great fortunes. The brilliant Austrain chess master, Kolisch, who, when a young man in London, earned a precarious living by playing with amateurs at Simpson's Divan in the Strand for a shilling a game, attracted the attention and admiration of the late Baron Albert de Rothschild, of Vienna, who, judging that Kolisch had something more in him than skill at chess, used his influence to place him on the Vienna Bourse. Baron Rothschild's judgment was amply justified, for when the former professional chess player died it was as Baron Kolisch of the Austrian Empire, and with a fortune of eleven million guldens !

The second instance was the late Mr. Pullitzer, founder of the *New York World*, one of America's greatest and most powerful newspapers. Pullitzer—who, oddly enough, was, like Kolisch, an Austrian by birth—was a struggling young reporter in Milwaukee when his skill at chess, which was by no means great, brought him in contact with a prominent local editor, who so much advanced his position in journalism that after a few years Pullitzer was able to start the *New York World*, which made his fortune. Unfortunately he lost his eyesight a few years before his death.

Many people imagine that to learn chess is the work of a lifetime, an impression which is quite erroneous. A competent teacher can teach the moves, the rudiments and rules of the game in two or three lessons to any boy or girl, man or woman of average intelligence. The rest is a matter of practice and study. Capablanca, the brilliant Cuban master and hero of the recent Chess Congress at Hastings, could play well enough at the age of four to win a game from his uncle, and at six to beat his teacher—his father ! And before he was sixteen he defeated the then champion of Cuba, Senor Juan Corso, in a match !

Paul Morphy, of New Orleans, the finest and most brilliant genius the world of chess has ever produced, could also play a fair game when he was only six years old, and at twelve was able to hold his own in a match with the Hungarian master, Lowenthal. At twenty-two years of age (1858), Morphy had beaten the leading masters of the world, with one exception of Howard Staunton, who declined Morphy's challenge. The young Russian masters, Alachine, of Petrograd, and Niemzowitch, of Riga (I hope they are both in the land of the living, for I have not heard from either since the revolution), had both attained to first rank amongst the chess experts of the world before they were twenty. And so also had the present world's champion, Dr. Emanuel Lasker. In fact, it may be said that, with very few exceptions, all the great chess players (past and present) were masters of the game before they had attained their majority.

Chess has many advantages over other games : the highest

THE LOST SHEEP.—A LAKELAND SHEPHERD'S QUEST. *C. P. Abraham, Keswick.*

A Good Gossip. Two East African Chiefs discussing the local Bolsheviks.
Sent by Mrs. H. Hinde, Villa Tragara, Capri.

Building a Banda (Hut) in B.E.A. These huts are made of the branches of trees bound together with strips of green bark called "kamba" and of grass. No nails or rope are used throughout. A finished banda is seen on the left. Sent by Capt. F. A. M. Webster, 1, St. Augustine's Road, Bedford.

From the Indian Empire.

Two Photographs taken by Mrs. Barton Kent to illustrate her book, "Les 28 Jours d'une francaise aux Indes."

A Tropic Seaboard -Mt. Lavinia, Ceylon.

Benares, the Holy City of the Hindoos. Benares is one of the oldest cities in the world, and is famous for its many Temples.

A Street in Tlemcen, Algeria. Sent by Mr. R. Pollock Simpson, Aquilas, Murcia, Spain.

A Load of Vegetables in Sicily. Taken by Mr. Wrench in 1908.

possible interest can be maintained for any length of time, although there be not a farthing in the way of stakes on the result of the encounter. No one has ever been ruined by losing large sums of money at chess. **Chess—the Game of Kings.**

Chess can be played by opponents widely apart—by post, telephone, telegraph, cable, and wireless. I think I can foresee the day when wireless will have become more perfected and more simplified than it is now, when it will be quite an every-day amusement to contest a game of chess between London and Melbourne, or between London and Calcutta. And there is a kind of freemasonry between lovers of this most intellectual of all pastimes—this royal "game of kings"—which makes for friendship between the nations of the earth. If only every ruler of the earth were an expert chess player, and if these rulers could meet in a friendly international tournament once every year in London, or Paris, or Berlin, or Vienna, etc., there would probably never be any wars. I commend this pious wish to the wellwishers of the League of Nations.

In conclusion, I would say to any man or woman who essays chess, do not take the game too seriously, for, after all, it is only a game. But, on the other hand, chess is much too fine a game to be played, as so many people do, without thought or method of any sort or kind. A game of chess should be an intellectual fight between two minds, and not a mere slapdash skirmish between two hands, as it too often is. To be at all interesting, or worth playing with, one should play neither too slow nor too fast. A slow, tedious player is apt to be tiresome, and a very rapid player, of the average kind, generally blunders too frequently to be a very interesting opponent.

Above all, always strictly observe the rules and laws of the game, or you will not be playing chess, but "bumble puppy"! The laws of chess can be found in any cheap text-book on the game, purchasable all over the world.

Capablanca playing twenty-four French Chess Experts at the same time at the Palais Royal, Paris.

By E. W.

" Overseas " Editorial Rooms,
London.

News from Headquarters.

WHAT WE MIGHT DO.—There are just ten months left before we shall celebrate our tenth birthday on August 27th, 1920, and to celebrate the occasion I want every reader of " Overseas " to help me. I believe that you feel just as strongly as I do how much we have to be grateful for in looking back over the past nine and a half years, for the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League has made a very definite place for itself in the organisations of the Empire. The longer I think about our future the more do I believe in the need for a great non-Party society such as ours. But ours must be more than lip-service ; if you and I feel as we do, we must translate our beliefs into acts. Is it too much to ask every friend of ours and every believer in our mission to make a great effort and see how many friends he or she can enrol into our movement before August 27th next. According to our latest figures our subscribing Membership is now over 22,000. If only every one of these Members would rope in five friends we should reach our goal of 100,000 active supporters, but the trouble is that so many people just sign on the Membership roll and leave the hard work to others.

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TWO SPLENDID LITTLE BOYS.—The kind of people that we want in our movement are individuals like little Franklin and Roger Dickinson of San Ramon, Uruguay, who for a long time past have been saving up their spare pocket-money so that they might sign on as Life Members. You may recollect that when they had each collected the necessary £5 5s.—and if we look back to our boyhood we will realise what a huge sum this means—they suddenly learnt that our Life Subscription had been raised to £7 7s. Needless to say, we were proud to admit them as Life Members at the old rate. But these little boys cared intensely about becoming Life Members of the Over-Seas Club. For months they gave up the fun of spending their pocket-money for the thousand and one things that little boys like so that they might be active links in our great chain of brotherhood. Are we grown-ups as ready as they are to sacrifice ourselves to the cause we have so close at heart ?

OVERSEAS

News from Head-quarters.

A LETTER FROM HOME.—It is delightful when we get letters such as the following, which reached me last week from a Member in the Philippine Islands. It makes one feel that "Overseas" is really carrying the message of good cheer which we wish it to across the seas :—"I wish it were possible for me to do more for the League ; the magazine alone is worth more to me than twice the dues. I look for it as I once looked for letters from home—when I had one in England. All the Britishers I know in the Islands are Members except two from whom I have not yet heard."

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BEGIN AT HOME.—In striving to swell our Membership Big Push campaign, O.S. enthusiasts appear to have suddenly awakened to the fact that there are potential Members living under their own roof. We have received very encouraging letters from existing Members asking us to enrol their wives or children. There are many instances now when every member of the family from the oldest to the youngest has joined up with us. From the last mail we received a letter from Mr. F. C. Cotton of Santos, Brazil, enclosing the applications of five Life Members. He writes :—"I have made a very special effort to pay for my family becoming Members individually, also my brother in India, and trust that by this you will see how much we appreciate your efforts to make the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League the first association of its kind."

We do hope that other Members will take this example to heart and remember, when starting out on their Big Push campaigns, to look at home first.

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MR. FRED HAYNE'S RETURN.—We were delighted to welcome Mr. Fred Hayne, the founder of the Patriotic League of Britons Overseas, on his return from a tour in South America a few days ago. In spite of the fact that Mr. Hayne was compressing a very great deal of business into a short trip, he yet found time to do much useful work for our cause. As a result of his personal efforts it is more than probable that both the Antofagasta British League and the Women's Patriotic League at Valparaiso may affiliate with us. These two bodies have done excellent work. We have just had the pleasure of reading the Report for 1919 of the Antofagasta League, written by the President, Mr. J. E. Henn, in which we notice that during the current year they collected over £12,400 for patriotic purposes. The aims of these two societies are in harmony with our own, and we are eagerly looking forward to hearing from Mr. Henn and Mrs. G. Cranmer Kenrick on the subject.

If only all local patriotic organisations would work in unison with our Imperial Society, what a lot of overlapping would be saved !

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BRANCH REPORTS.—The yearly Branch Reports which we

News from Head-quarters.

receive from every part of the world are read with the greatest interest at Headquarters, and it seems the greatest pity that other branches should not have the encouragement and inspiration of having an opportunity of learning in greater detail than can be given in "Overseas" what their fellow organisations are accomplishing.

Mr. Hayne suggests that it would be an excellent idea if secretaries would forward copies of the reports of their branches to as many other branches as possible. This would involve some expense, but is an idea worth considering.

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VISITING THE BATTLE-FIELD.—Since the Over-Seas Club, early in the present year, organised visits of British women to Lille, many of our Members have written to us asking how it is possible for them to go to Flanders to see the graves of their fallen dear ones. One of our Members, Major Beamont, has offered to answer any inquiries on this subject, and any one wishing to get particulars should write to him, c/o the Club, marking their envelopes "Battlefields."

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AN O.S. MOTOR BICYCLE.—Our H.C.S. at Mashaba, Mr. P. T. Hoad, whose responsibilities cover a wide area, has now invested in a motor bicycle, so that he may have a "big push" round the district to wake up those Members just returned from the Front and those who, owing to war difficulties, have been unable to do more than pay their subscription during the past five years. Mr. Hoad's "bike" should soon become well known in his district, for he has had a large O.S. painted on the number plate, an idea, like that of an O.S. Mascot for motor cars, which might well be widely adopted.

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AN ACTIVE NONAGENARIAN.—We have had an interesting visitor to headquarters recently in Mr. Lumb, from Buenos Aires, a Life Member. Mr. Lumb paid his first visit to the Old Country in the same year that Queen Victoria came to the Throne. He told us of the splendid child welfare work which is being carried out in Buenos Aires by the Rev. Morris.

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MUSICAL SECTION.—A Musical Section has been formed at Headquarters with a view to bringing together all those Members at home and from Overseas who are interested in music. We hope that our efforts in this direction will meet with a hearty response from all Members of the Club. Letters may be addressed to Miss H. Tyrer, joint hon. secretary.

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PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION.—In response to the numerous letters we have received regarding the exhibition of Members' pictures to be held in October, 1920, the Secretary asks us to publish the following particulars.

News from Headquarters.

Photos may be sent in under various classes, viz. :—(1) Landscape, (2) Architecture, (3) Portraits, (4) Hand camera work, (5) Natural History, (6) Scientific, (7) Colour prints.

Work must not be framed, but should be suitably mounted, preferably with one or two inches of mount round picture. Members may send in not more than six photographs.

The name and address of sender with title or description of the photograph must appear on the back of each photo, and the title and name of exhibitor should appear on the front.

The judging will be done by a committee of three, one of whom will be provided by the Royal Photographic Society, the other two being elected by Members at Headquarters.

A medal will be awarded for the best photograph in each class, and certificates will be given for the second and third best.

The names of Members whose work is accepted for hanging will be published in "Overseas," and we hope also to reproduce the winning photos in our magazine.

All entries should be addressed to the Secretary, Miss Maude Simmons, Photographic Section, Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League, General Buildings, Aldwych, W.C. 1, London, and should be accompanied by an entrance fee of 2s. 6d.

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"OVERSEAS" ON THE JORDAN.—"Overseas" turns up in all sorts of unexpected places. The other day we received a letter from Palestine from Private B. Brent, Australian Imperial Forces, saying that he first picked up a copy of "Overseas" on the banks of the Jordan. What an interesting story it would be if all our Members would tell us how they first met "Overseas."

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A DUTCHMAN'S LETTER.—I was very pleased to receive this letter the other day. It shows that more and more the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League is coming to be regarded as standing for a sane Imperialism, and that within its ranks are, not only those who happen to have been born in these little islands, but citizens from all parts of our far-flung Empire :—"I may mention that I am of mixed blood ; my father was Dutch, my mother English ; my home language is English, and my sentiments South African, with a special leaning towards the Dutch. I am desirous of joining your Club because I feel that it is an organisation which, if it will always keep the highest ideals before it, can do much to strengthen the bonds of Empire ; even more, it can elevate the moral forces which bind the Empire together. And these moral forces must always be kept at a high level if elements within the Empire, such as, for instance, the Dutch South Africans,

THE RIGHT STUFF.

Roger and Frank Dickinson, who saved up their pocket-money and made themselves Life Members of the Over-Seas Club. They live in Uruguay, but are just coming over to England for their education.

News from Head-quarters.

who are not bound to it by blood, language, or tradition, are to become and remain loyal to it at heart. If I thought that your Club was a 'jingo' organisation, aiming at the German ideal of 'peaceful penetration,' I would not only refrain from joining it, but would do all in my power to combat it. A 'jingo' club on such a scale would soon destroy all moral cohesion in the Empire.''

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THE CHINESE TAILOR BIRD.—Members often send us very interesting photographs, and the other day our very good friend, Captain H. Bathurst, our H.C.S. at Amoy, sent us along this note, accompanied by the photograph :—'' Herewith photo of a bird's nest found in my garden built with the leaves growing on a branch of an Australian chestnut tree, about four feet off the root of the tree. Leaves sewn together and then filled in with fibre and fluff. I think it must be built by the Tailor Bird. Sending the nest for your inspection. This will probably be useful for the magazine.'' A few days later the actual nest built by the Tailor Bird turned up. It is a wonderfully interesting demonstration of the ingenuity of a bird.

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REORGANISING WORK.—The past year has not been an easy one, as getting back from War-time conditions to our post-War activities has necessitated a great deal of reorganisation and drastic economies, but, thanks to our warm supporters across the seas, we are now in a stronger position than ever we were, and eagerly looking forward to the work that lies ahead of us.

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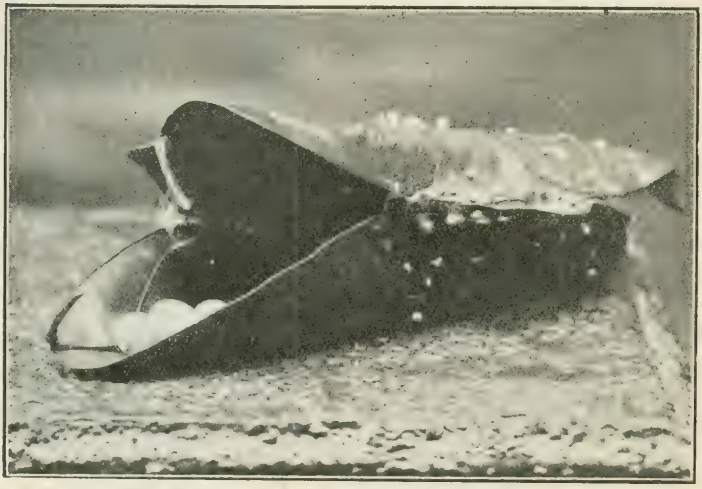
'' OVERSEAS '' IN PUBLIC LIBRARIES.—The Rev. F. E. Yarnall, The Manse, St. Andrew's Church, Port Fairy, Victoria, Australia, writes :—



A Tailor Bird's Nest found in his garden by Captain H. Bathurst, our H.C.S. at Amoy, China.

OVERSEAS

News from Headquarters.

'I am endeavouring to get the committee of the Public Library and reading rooms of this town to take your magazine and place it in the reading room permanently. Do you not think it would be a good idea if a copy of your magazine could be found in every library and reading room throughout the Empire ? Would it not be a magnificent advertisement for our Club ? '' We entirely agree with our correspondent's suggestion. We should like to think that a copy of our magazine was to be found in every public library and reading room throughout the Empire. It is up to our readers to see that this is put into effect.

* * * * *

THANKS FROM THE STAR AND GARTER.—Members in Australia, New Zealand, and South America, who have taken such a personal interest in the work of the Star and Garter Committee during the War, will be glad to hear that Mr. E. Horne, M.P., is shortly to tour through these lands, bearing with him a very special message from Sir Arthur Stanley, the Chairman of this Committee, to all those whose generosity so directly helped to establish the wonderful Star and Garter Home for Incurables. Mr. Horne hopes to be able to deliver this message personally to a very large number of the generous donors.

* * * * *

ILLAWARRA BRANCH, N.S.W., AUSTRALIA.—Miss I. M. Martell, who has represented the interests of the Illawarra Branch of the Overseas Club and Patriotic League ever since it was formed, has just sent in renewal fees for 170 Members. The local Members have worked hard during the War for comforts for the men at the Front, and are now giving all their attention to helping needy returned soldiers. In spite of this they are not forgetting the claims of the Overseas War Memorial, and have promised further gifts when the urgent local needs have been settled.

* * * * *

PAU, B.P., FRANCE.—The Pau Branch are celebrating the Armistice on November 11th by accepting the hospitality of Miss Butchart, who has invited the local Members to a social gathering. It is hoped at this meeting to pass a resolution approvng the objects of the League of Nations.

* * * * *

SOUTH AFRICA was well represented in our Peace bonfire chain, and we have had many interesting accounts of the success of the scheme throughout the Union. The Transvaal Council, which represents Robinson Deep, Johannesburg, Germiston, Benoni, Brakpan, and Springs, took up the matter most wholeheartedly. They communicated with forty-seven mines along the Reef, forty-six of which made themselves responsible for fires on various dumps. Telegrams were sent to the Editors of all the principal South African newspapers who gave splendid publicity to the scheme, while an appeal to firms in Whitwaters Rand for inflammable material, was responded to most generously. Mr. H. E. Thiselton, Chairman, and Mr. H. W. Dalton, Secretary of the Council, must be congratulated on the success of their efforts. The Johannesburg Branch made itself responsible for two special bonfires on Westcliff and Kensington Kopjes, the one on the former being lighted by the President and Chairman of the Council in the presence of a large gathering.

* * * * *

WINDHUK, S.W.A. PROTECTORATE.—The Windhuk Branch chose an excellent site for their bonfire. From the railway lines below truck-

News from Head-quarters.

loads of dead wood were transported to the site and the flames rose to a height of about sixty feet, and lit up the whole surrounding country. Mr. J. W. Shand sends us the following account :—" It was the first bonfire of such dimensions the natives of the South West had ever seen, and as is their custom about full moon, they kept up their one and only chorus, which does not seem ever to have any beginning or end, until Sunday morning. The bonfire was still blazing merrily at 3 a.m. and for four or five nights afterwards as soon as darkness fell, the embers, two or three feet in depth, still glowed and looked in the distance like the moon setting over the horizon. Definite information as to how far it was seen has not yet been received."

* * * * *

SEATTLE.—The Seattle Branch has just sent in affiliation fees for eighty-seven Members. The Members have been contributing regularly and generously to the War Memorial as well as to St. Dunstan's Home for the Blind. We are delighted to learn that it is quite probable that Mrs. Kate Westaway, the energetic Secretary, may be able to take a part in the Imperial Home Coming in 1921.

* * * * *

BLUEFIELDS, NIC.—Our Hon. Corresponding Secretary, Mr. J. O. Thomas, to whom we at Headquarters are so indebted, works under special difficulties. It is practically impossible for him to get into touch with many of the Members in his district, for natural waterways are the only methods of communication, and on these only rough canoes called " dug-outs " are used. There are no roads or railways. Postal relations are not too satisfactory as letters take weeks to reach places sometimes less than 100 miles from Bluefields and the sea coast. In spite of this the Members at Bluefields are living up to the Club's Creed, and we very much wish it were possible to include the names of all those who have generously subscribed to our War Memorial. The question of space, however, has made it imperative for us to limit ourselves to publishing the names of those donors who have contributed £5 or more. We are most grateful to our Bluefields Members for their generous donations.

* * * * *

HAILEYBURY, ONT.—Mr. Syrett Norfolk, our Hon. Corresponding Secretary at Haileybury, has his local problems to face. The chief difficulty in getting a Branch on a really active footing is that many men who make Haileybury their headquarters are away for weeks at a time on mining and prospecting trips. However, Mr. Norfolk recently organised a successful smoking party at which he managed to enrol five new Members, a number which he has since doubled. During the coming months he hopes to organise larger meetings and get the Haileybury Branch really on its feet.

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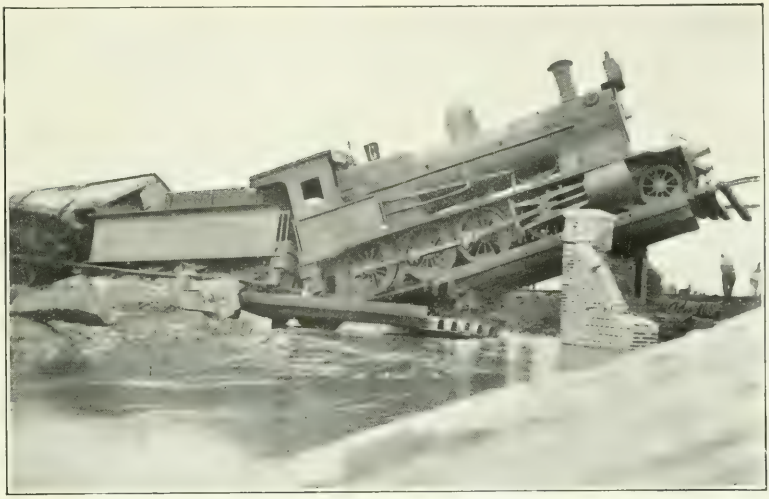
PORT MORESBY, PAPUA.—Owing to the initiative and energy of Mr. P. W. Charpentier, our Port Moresby Branch, which had fallen into decay, is now re-started. A very strong local Committee has been formed with Mr. S. A. Greenland as Hon. Secretary, and their first care is to find some suitable Club House for their headquarters. The local committee are prepared to give reliable information with regard to conditions in Papua, and we are expecting very satisfactory developments shortly.

Please send a Christmas Gift to our War Memorial Fund.

Floods in the Argentine.

Photographs sent by Mr. F. B. Tregarthen, Oficina del Pagador, Fero Carril del Sud, Ingeneiro White, Argentine



A wrecked Train due to the sudden flooding of the Southern Railway.

A submerged Track in the Tres Arroyes Section.

Life on a Rubber Plantation, S.S.

Three Snapshots taken in the Straits Settlements by Mr. C. B Ussher, The Priory, Priory Road, Kew, Middlesex.

A Wedding on a Rubber Plantation—Head Tindal Elepin and his Bride.

The Lady Gardener of a Rubber Plantation—Basketing Rubber Plants.

Growing Cabbages in the Straits Settlements. Owing to the pestilence of flies they are planted in empty kerosene oil tins.

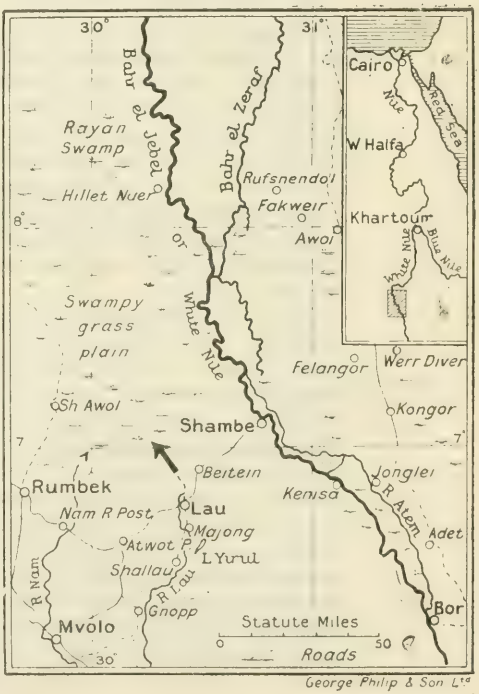
A Day of My Life in Darkest Africa

THE rattle of a teacup suggests to one that it is time to open one's eyes, which one does inside the "meat safe" (mosquito house) with a few hundred mosquitoes buzzing on the other side of the wire gauze. As, however, mosquitoes are the common property of the tropics, I might explain that I awake in the Southern Sudan, about seven degrees North latitude, forty miles inland from the west bank of the Nile. The country is very flat and marshy, and is known to Government officials as "the bog."

I am alone, and the nearest Britisher is a Government official sixty miles away; he also is separated from the next man by about the same distance. Having dressed, we beat a drum just as the sun is peeping over the horizon. The response is a line of jet black men, lined up outside my house. They are in their working dress, which means that they have not a shred of clothing between the lot. On Sundays the rule is to wear a shirt. Here none of the men or girls wear clothes, the married women wear aprons of sheep skins.

I am a missionary, but as the mental capacity of the people is not very great, we limit our daily teaching to the repetition of the Lord's Prayer, with other teaching on Sundays.

After the prayer is said the men go off to work and I myself have to superintend. This is necessary, because most of you know that if there is a wrong way to do a thing, the black man will find it. The work varies, as you will see, when I mention that we have dug our own well (66 feet), we build our own buildings, make bricks, saw timber, etc. To-day I am bringing in a log from the forest four miles away, so men are sent off with a cart and four oxen; I myself follow on a bike later.



Map of Central Soudan, showing where our Contributor the Rev. H. F. Davies lives.

A Day of My Life in Darkest Africa.

The road to the forest is simply a native track, and runs through about 2½ miles of village. Each hut stands by itself, separated from its neighbour by about 300 yards, the space between being used for cultivation. The reason given by the natives for the separation is that of old there were constant quarrels when the huts were close together. Having ploughed through sand and mud (no light task for a bike), I arrive at the timber, which has been felled some time previously. Our method of lifting the timber is by blocks and levers—very slow but sure.

After seeing the log on the cart, I bike back to breakfast, and on arrival find a number of sick people gathered outside the dispensary. Breakfast finished, we do what we can for them. Simple dressings for ulcers, and homely remedies for stomach-ache or cough.

Sometimes broken bones come our way and teeth extractions. One man yesterday asked for some medicine for his cow, which had been bitten by a hyena. One cannot do much for tiny babies, but if only I take the temperature, or listen to the breathing through a stethoscope, the mother is more than pleased and thinks it well worth coming for.

The usual method of expressing thanks is for a man to ask for something else ; but when an old woman took my hand and spat in it, I knew it was the best she could do for me.

Time goes quickly, and it is nearly eleven o'clock, so I go back to the house to teach two of the more advanced boys to read English. Midday I reserve for reading and a siesta. At 2 p.m. I call for tea. Heavy lunch at midday we found unsuitable, so we have breakfast at 9 or 10, tea at 2, and an evening meal.

Being my own housekeeper, I dole out spoonfuls of flour, rice, sugar, etc., to the cook, and then go across to the school, where boys and workmen gather for about half an hour to try and learn to read in their own language.

The rest of the afternoon is filled up with odd jobs, carpentry, gardening, etc. It is surprising what comes under the heading of "odd jobs." The rope of the well has broken, and the bucket has fallen to the bottom. A cart needs repair, or one's bicycle is punctured. A broken chair has to be patched up, or the man needs assistance in doctoring a sick cow. The lamp needs filling, and one cannot trust the small boy to do it, lest he should steal the oil or break the glass. As the mosquitoes are very thick, I bath and feed before sunset. By having a fire bucket by one's side and making a great smoke, one is able to get through the bathing operation without getting bitten very much. As soon as the sun sets the mosquitoes compel one to take refuge in the mosquito house, where one spends one's time in reading and correspondence until one is ready for bed at 9.30 p.m.

Rev. H. F. DAVIES, C.M.S., Lau, via Shambe, Sudan.

FROM A WOMAN'S STANDPOINT

Fighting like devils for conciliation;
And hating each other for the love of God.

THE GREAT STRIKE.—The greatest thing of all about the great strike was the spirit in which the people took it. Every one was good humoured, quite unmoved, full of determination not to be browbeaten or hoodwinked by any one, Government or strikers. Everyone responded magnificently to the call for volunteers. The weather was glorious and it was a delight to walk the streets in the crisp autumn air, and see every one else cheerfully doing the same.

The "atmosphere" was electric. One felt the same feeling of suppressed tension and endeavour as during the War, and most stimulating it was. With a feeling of pride in my country men and women I thought how far more independent we had become in the last five years; more adaptable, less hidebound by petty traditions and conventions, readier for any emergency, and I blest the Germans for having helped to put us on our feet. Perhaps you will say I ought to bless the strikers for doing that, and so I do! The strikers themselves, some of them, had a bad time. I know of one man whose wife refused to speak to him while the strike was on!

The great thoroughfares of London, the main arteries leading into the country, were a sight not easily to be forgotten.

A never-ending stream of traffic rolled and rumbled and rattled by. The lorries carrying food and milk to and from the great central dumping ground, Hyde Park; taxies and cars of every kind, bicycles, and even tricycles, furniture vans and char-à-bancs, wagonettes and dog-carts, buggies and buses, all full to overflowing. And the sidewalks crowded with a solid mass of walkers, old and young, plodding on their way to business.

Nobody ever realised before how many people there were in London, of that I am persuaded. In the morning I woke to the half-forgotten sound of the irregular tramp-tramp of the feet of many workers going eastward and to the clip-clop-clap of the horses hoofs, intermingling with the burr of wheels. Far into the night the same sounds mingled with my dreams.

From a Woman's Standpoint.

THE GENTLEMAN'S EXPRESS.

I hurried through the wicket,
The Marquess clipped my ticket
And softly murmured, "Scoot."
A Guardsman, sweet as honey,
Cried : "Get a move on, sonny "—
His voice was like a flute.

In dulcet tones the Vicar
Besought me to be quicker ;
As, stung by his rebuke,
I pushed another fellow,
In liquid tones and mellow,
"No shoving," said the Duke.

A. W.

HOW LONDONERS TOOK IT.—In an incredibly short space of time we had adjusted ourselves, and sufferings from food shortage and lack of transit were reduced to a minimum. We got no sugar in the restaurants and milk was scarce. Curiously enough, although at the end of two days the tubes were running a service every ten minutes, staffed by volunteers, they were not much used, largely owing to the fact that the public did not know that any service had been re-established. I travelled from Earl's Court to Holborn one morning at 10.30, and had the train almost to myself. My ticket was clipped by a demobbed officer, wearing an eye-glass and a coat cut obviously by a Bond Street tailor. He was joking with the passengers and arranging his hours on duty with the lift girl. All the volunteers were wearing red armlets marked U.D., which stood for UndergrounD. As I passed through Bloomsbury Square three char-à-bancs with a pair of horses apiece were lined up in front of the New Zealand military headquarters, crowded with returning soldiers and women war-workers, who were just starting to drive down to the Albert Docks to catch the outgoing steamer, homeward bound.

New Zealanders are accustomed to coaching, and judging by their faces they seemed glad of any solution of the problem of how to reach the docks.

A REVIVAL OF COACHING DAYS ?—Are the old coaching days going to be revived in a new form I wonder ? Great touring cars, holding thirty people or so, and marked in chalk, Portsmouth, Derby or Birmingham, in Knightsbridge and the Strand, set me thinking.

And I suddenly seemed to see all England spread out before my mind's eye (as one can with the naked eye from an aeroplane), intersected with branching, forking highways and shining silver ribbons, and all in a flash London seemed part and parcel of what lies at the furthermost limits of its pavements and endless streets, as it never had done before ; just as the Thames, and the smallest of those shining, dancing waterways, links one up with the tossing Atlantic or the cold North Sea, and the Great Beyond, forever calling and forever sounding in our ears.

IRISH CHARM.—Had it not been for the strike I had meant to write a great deal more about Ireland, and now I have half forgotten what

From a Woman's Standpoint.

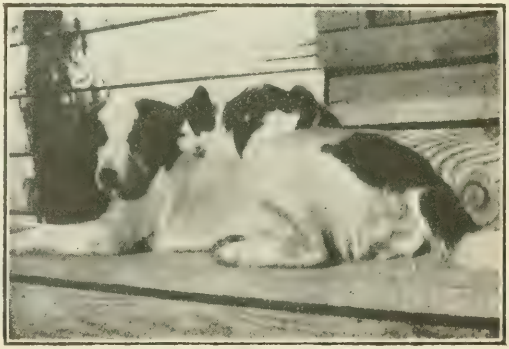
I wanted to say. One thing I know I had hoped to make you realise, is the astonishing contrast between Dublin and Belfast, and to define if I could wherein lies Ireland's extraordinary charm.

"Dublin is essentially a feminine city," writes a recent contributor to one of our monthlies, "gentle, attractive, uncertain and unreasonable, but it is a feminine city with a past. . . . Belfast, on the other hand, is a city which in a double sense is a city without a past. Its history is very short, and it is without misfortunes. It is a city with a future." The eyes of the majority of the Irish in Ireland are turned to the past. The Scotch-Irish in Ulster are looking forward. There you have it in a nutshell. Again, to a Dubliner, "a good day" usually means a good day's racing; to a Belfast man, a good day's business.

But must commercialism necessarily mean a decay in charm? I do not know, but in the progressive, sterling, go-ahead north the people have lost a little in graciousness and outer courtesy. It was in the south that when I asked if I might shelter in a wayside cottage from the rain that the woman of the house replied in a flash: "Surely, and I wish I could shelter your soul in Paradise," or again, when I asked to be allowed to wait for a friend in a stranger's garden, the owner smilingly replied, "It is yours, for as long as you wish to use it."

One of the many curious facts about Ireland is the passionate love she rouses in the hearts of Englishmen and the indifference with which some of her own folk regard her. I have heard bitterer things said of Ireland in Ireland by the Irish than I have ever heard said in England by the English. I once heard Bernard Shaw say that instead of Irish people wishing to foregather outside their own country, they avoid and suspect one another. I think it is true. The tie of race is not sufficiently strong to break down the barriers raised by violently opposed religious and political opinions, though comradeship at the front has done something.

In Ireland no one is quite happy to this day unless he knows whether you are a Roman Catholic or a Protestant, or what precise shade of politics you affect. Travelling north a few weeks ago, a peasant woman and I got into conversation. As she moved towards my end of the carriage, her purse slipped, and stooping down she



"Who said 'Cats'!" A friendly Dog and Kitten in Virginia. The photo was taken by Miss Marshall, Morrison, Warwick County, Virginia, U.S.A.

From a Woman's Standpoint.

picked it up, and the contents that had scattered on the floor, then holding out her hand she showed me a small silver cross. "I don't belong to *this* religion you know," she said half-shamefacedly, "but I keep it all the same. I don't believe it can do me harm." "I am sure it cannot," I said, as I recovered from the shock, and a sense of despair her words had given me. Have we got no further than that after all these years?

AND WHERE IT LIES.—And why, though hatred of England is so sadly rampant in Ireland to-day, do Englishmen, with or without much understanding of her struggles and needs, continue to love Ireland so deeply? Only a short time ago I heard of a young Englishman who had been quartered at the Curragh for six months, who had never visited Ireland before, and who has returned to England consumed with a desire to live and work for the country which had bewitched and won his heart. Industrial life, the commercial outlook, that has so profoundly vulgarised the lives and people of England, has not yet cast its blighting hand on Ireland. The country is a rural one for the most part. The people live remote lives amongst their cattle and their pigs amongst their mountains and bogs and their grass-lands. They have time to dream dreams, to quarrel and plot, to speak eloquently to one another in the market-place and to ignore facts which the rest of us are obliged to face. We have got to live together as friends and ought to apply ourselves to the task of how best it may be done; it is idle to foster hate, idle and worse, and, yet, though there are many in Ireland who are ready to die for their country, as a brilliant American recently remarked, there do not seem to be so many who are ready to think for her. Therein lies part of the whole trouble—the Irishman is still entangled in a mesh of words, words, words.

A WAYFARER.

Amateur Porters at work at one of the great London termini.

Overseas War Memorial

A Better Month

By E. W.

THE Overseas War Memorial Fund made a nice jump forward during the month of October as if to make up for the very bad month we had in September, the total received being £1,222 15s. 9d., which brings our fund to date to £15,876. **The Overseas War Memorial.**

But, even at this rate, to reach our goal of £150,000 would take over ten years. So we hope that all our Members who are in sympathy with our scheme, of having in the heart of London a memorial worthy the men who have sacrificed their lives in the great War, in the form of a building devoted to our world-wide activities towards Empire Service, will redouble their efforts.

During the past month, among the donations we have received is a second gift of £500 from Mr. Walter Martin, who has, therefore, contributed £1,000 in all. We also received Mr. Letts Oliver's (of San Francisco) legacy of £307, which was the amount due after the American legal costs had been deducted. We should like to place on record our gratitude to Mr. S. H. Peddar, 74, Holland Park, London, W., for very kindly arranging the various legal matters for us without any charge whatever. As a mark of our appreciation we have made him an honorary Life Member of our Society.

Our friends overseas realise, in starting the Overseas War Memorial Fund, we have set our hands to the most difficult piece of work we have yet undertaken. It is all the more gratifying, therefore, to note that they are energetically continuing to canvass support, and that second and third donations are reaching us from many quarters.

It would be wonderfully encouraging if all our Members would put their backs into helping us, so that by our tenth birthday, on August 27th next, we could at least see the half-way house in view. Please remember that if the Overseas War Memorial is to be a success we shall want the help of every reader.

HONG KONG CLUB'S HELP.—"I am sorry to see by the 'Overseas' that the funds for the Overseas War Memorial are not coming in as quickly as they should be for such a great and good cause, but hope soon to see better results. In the Hong Kong Club there is a list, and the amount is slowly getting higher, and I hope soon that the list will be full. I often talk the matter over with the Members of the Club, and have got a few to put their names down. In May I sent you a draft for £21 10s. The War Memorial that you intend to build, in my opinion, is one of the greatest and best schemes that could be thought of, and it is to be hoped that the funds for the building will rapidly come in."—F. G. Becke, King Edward Hotel, Hong Kong.

OVERSEAS

The "Overseas" War Memorial Scales.

The dial shows over £15,876 collected, of which £1,222 was received last month. We have still a long way to go before reaching the desired total of £150,000.

EVERY BRITISHER IN THE DISTRICT.—"I have much pleasure in enclosing the collecting list for the Overseas War Memorial. It bears the name of practically every Britisher in this district, which is very sparsely populated."—M. Yaffe, P.O. Box 287, Posts and Telegraphs, Windhuk, British S.W. Africa.

A FURTHER CONTRIBUTION LATER ON.—"I am pleased to see the War Memorial Fund is creeping upwards, and must thank you for your appreciation of my small effort in sending you £30. I hope to send you a further contribution later on. It will be a splendid memorial, and I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing it completed."—H. Cooper, Station Master, Mafeking, S. Africa.

"HEREWITH please find list of collections I have made here for the Overseas War Memorial, totalling £27. I am asking our Toronto office, The International Petroleum Co., to forward you their cheque for this amount, which I trust reaches you in due time."—G. Brake, c/o The Negritos Club, Negritos, Peru, S. America.

MY LITTLE BRICK.—"I am heart and soul cordially interested in your splendid enterprise of the Overseas War Memorial, and so pleased to be allowed to send my little brick towards the building of it—alas! that it should be only such a small one. I heard of the Memorial last year, and before Empire Day sent my small contribution of £1, with a promise that I would each year do likewise."—Madame Bowden, 14, Rue des Saints-Pères, Paris, France.

We want the help of every reader of "Overseas" so that we can :—

(1) Erect in the heart of the Empire a building dedicated to the men of the Old Country and Overseas, which will be devoted to the interests of British subjects from across the seas for all time.

(2) Draw closer in the bonds of comradeship British subjects in all parts of the world.

The money in hand is invested in War Bonds, and a balance sheet of the Overseas War Memorial Fund will be prepared by our auditors, Messrs. E. Layton Bennett & Co., 81, Broad Street Avenue, London, E.C., and a copy sent in due course to every subscriber.

OVERSEAS

The Overseas War Memorial.

LIST No. 20.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
W. Martin, Messrs. Martins, Ltd., London (2nd donation)		500 0 0
Mr. Letts Oliver, late of Cal., U.S.A., Deceased (Legacy). Sent by S. H. Peddar, 74, Holland Park, W. 11		307 8 8
Per G. R. Edwards, c/o Messrs. Dodwell & Co., Hongkong, China :		
J. Owen Hughes	5 0 0	
H. B. L. Dowbiggin	5 0 0	
A. Ritchie	5 0 0	
G. C. Moxon	5 0 0	
G. H. Wilson	5 0 0	
Belilios & Co.	10 10 0	
Other donations	29 14 0	
		65 4 0
Per Charles Forrester, Lea Manor, Dewetsdorp, O.F.S. :		
H. Smith	5 5 0	
C. Forrester, H.C.S.	5 5 0	
A. M. Strachan	5 0 0	
F. Ellis	5 0 0	
S. Tomlinson	5 5 0	
Other donations	19 17 0	
		45 12 0
Per H. Jackson, Sociedad Anonima Ganadera y Comercial, Rio Grande, Argentine, South America :		
D. McLeod	5 0 0	
T. G. Jackson	5 0 0	
Harry Jackson	10 0 0	
Other donations	18 0 0	
		38 0 0
Per Miss F. F. White, H.C.S., Saumerez, Armidale, N.S.W., Australia :		
Miss A. A. White (" *In Memory of Lt. Frederick Richmond Forster, British Royal Field Artillery, 35th Division* "	5 0 0	
Mrs. Gordon Black	5 0 0	
Mrs. F. J. White	10 0 0	
Miss E. F. White	5 0 0	
Miss F. F. White	5 0 0	
Miss D. F. White	5 0 0	
Other donations	3 13 0	
		37 13
League of the Empire (Teachers), 48, Catherine Street, Buckingham Gate, S.W. 1		29 12 4
Per G. W. Brake, Negritos Club, Negritos, Cuba		27 0 0
G. R. Walker, Kenilworth Hotel, Gt. Russell Street, London		17 2 2
Per J. A. Cohen, Deloitte & Co., Bme. Mitre 430, Buenos Aires		16 0 0
Per William Neal, H.C.S., Lautaro Nitrate Co., Taltal, Chile, S. America		13 19 0
From Members of Tokyo Branch, *per* H. Byas, Central P.O. Box 18, Tokyo, Japan		11 0 0
Miss Ethel C. Arnold, Selborne Road, Sidcup (" *On behalf of my late cousin, Lieut. J. J. Rudduck* ")		10 0 0
Duncan Murray, Bonhill Road, Dumbarton, Scotland (" *On behalf of my deceased son* ")		9 15 0
Per Mrs. Sandy Kirkconnell, 302, W. Francis Avenue, Tampa, Fla., U.S.A.		7 1 8
Per Mrs. Bessie K. Gillies, H.C.S., Barranquilla, Colombia, S. America		6 17 0
Mrs. Latham, Harpsden, King's Is., Tasmania		5 10 0
Cecilia K. Morris, 2458, Danagneira, Palermo, Buenos Aires		5 6 5
Murray C. Kevern, Hunterville, Rangitikei, New Zealand		5 5 0
From the Lansdowne School Children, *per* Godfrey L. Thomas, Esq., H.C.S., Masterton, New Zealand		5 0 0
W. J. Douglass, Chambers, Georgetown, British Guiana		5 0 0
W. H. Barley, C.M. Customs, Chefoo, China (" *In memory of H. W. Lee and R. G. Barley, Killed in Action* ")		5 0 0
		£1,173 6 3
Total of sums received under £5		49 9 6
Acknowledged last month		14,653 11 9
		£15,876 7 6

By an oversight the name of Mr. W. McF. Robb, Redan Villas, Inkerman Road, Woolston, near Southampton, Hants, of China, was omitted in the £5 donations to the War Memorial in August. We wish to apologise for the error.

By A. St. John Adcock

My Month's Reading.

IF only we had not forgotten all the beautiful sentiments we were exchanging with each other during the War, we should not have fallen into our present discontents as soon as the War is over. Let me remind you of a few of the things we said often and loudly while we were all in peril and relying on the loyalty of all classes for the salvation of our common country. We said that the War had levelled down a lot of foolish artificial distinctions; that it had drawn rich and poor, capital and labour, into a bond of brotherhood which would never again be broken: for in the terrible experiences they had shared together they had come to know, to understand, one another, and never again could there be the old gulf between master and servant; they would work together in a new spirit, as they worked in the War, not each striving selfishly for nothing but his own advantage, but, with decent honesty, for their joint good; and this juster, humaner principle, giving to humble folk their share in the comfort and happiness of life, which had hitherto been the prerogatives of a lucky minority, was to make our native home a land "fit for heroes to live in."

We all said that sort of thing before we were out of danger; but we are not saying it now, nor is there any conspicuous evidence that we are attempting to carry our fine war-time sentiments into practice—otherwise several of the late industrial troubles we have come through would never have befallen us. A remedy for all that has gone wrong with the nation is suggested by one of the extracts in John Bailey's very admirable anthology, "A Day-book of Walter Savage Landor": "If all men and women would labour six hours in the twenty-four, some mentally, some corporeally, setting apart one day in the seven, all the work would be completed that is requisite for our innocent and rational desires. Dost thou believe that God beholds with pleasure any poor wretch working three-fourths of his whole lifetime, reckoned from childhood?" It is because, in this way, we have no consideration for each other, because we still want to keep the best of life for ourselves and leave the worst of it to the luckless majority, that there is no peace within our borders.

Touching on these matters, there are bitter things in Hamilton Fyfe's "The Meaning of the World Revolution," and a more

detached, urbane philosophy in "Our Social Inheritance," by Victor Branford and Patrick Geddes; but both books bring you by different paths to the same conclusion—that it is simple madness for any section of the community to hope they can reconstruct the world on a purely commercial, materialistic basis. If our business men have not got beyond that stage of development; the people themselves have, and are resolved that they will no longer have their lives made bitter with hard and ill-paid bondage that their masters may heap up more riches than they can ever live to spend. "Consider the present situation," say Messrs. Branford and Geddes. "On the one side, the demiurgic energies of machine production: on the other, forty-five millions of people, for the most part without houses or furniture worth the name; clothed in garments that depress life instead of enhancing it; given to rude recreation; herded in the mean streets of dull and dingy towns." How can we ever end these tragic inequalities of a class foredoomed to poverty and squalor and a class foredoomed to affluence and comfort unless we introduce spiritual as well as material consideration into our reconstruction scheme? So far, we have deliberately kept the poor from the higher forms of education, and then meanly sneered at them because of their ignorance. That sort of thing will not do any longer. I would urge you to read "Our Social Inheritance" for glimpses of a wiser, juster way. **My Month's Reading.**

Hamilton Fyfe says, in effect, that the one thing needful is that we should cease to be hypocrites, and act upon the teachings we profess to believe on Sundays. If we went back to the principle Christ taught, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," all would be well, for no man would that others should compel him to live in slums and keep his family always on the border line of starvation. That principle, Mr. Fyfe adds, "is laughed at to-day, as the enemies of the people always have laughed at it. They call it 'unpractical,' they denounce it as dangerous." Why, in Heaven's name, then, are they not honest enough to cut it out of their Testaments? Mr. Fyfe has talked often with the returned British soldier, and found him determined not to go back to the conditions under which he lived before the War. "'What have we been sticking it for? Not for that.' This is not a resolve confined to the ranker. It prevails among a very large number of officers of all grades. Do not imagine that only the workers are fed up with the class system. Many of us who could be described as belonging to 'comfortable' layers in the social formation have long felt and fought against the harsh unreality of the distinction between these layers, few in number, and the vast quantity which exist below the low-water mark of what comfort means to us. We have long resented the

My Month's Reading.

invidious fencing-off of certain elements of the population as if there were real differences between of varying conditions ; we know well that the only real differences are between men as men." Such courageous outspokenness as Mr. Fyfe's is badly needed at this hour, and every man who imagines that the mossy injustices and pompous absurdities of the old order can now be revived would do well to read " The Meaning of the World Revolution " before he goes on trying to revive them with results that no sensible man would wish to bring about.

ATHLETICS.—The part that was played in the War by the athletes of these islands is touched upon impressively in Mr. Webster's preface to " Success in Athletics and How to Obtain It "—which treats of running, walking, jumping, hurdling, hammer-throwing, discus-throwing, and is a very full and authoritative *vade-mecum* to all forms of athletic training.

None of our younger novelists has of late made surer progress alike in the mastery of his art and the favour of the public than Frank Swinnerton. His new novel, " September," is a subtle and brilliant study of four characters : Marian, a middle-aged wife, her middle-aged husband, a young girl, Cherry, and a young man. Cherry, something of a wanton, fascinates and fools the husband ; and Marian, in her loneliness, drifts towards the young man. But in the end the young man is taken over by Cherry, and Marian and her husband come together again. Mr. Swinnerton holds your interest in these four and their psychology with extraordinary skill. He has done nothing of such cunning and delicate finish since he wrote " Nocturne."

Another novel you should not miss is Mrs. Dawson Scott's " Against the Grain." Her story of Harry King, his juvenile escapades, his prowess as a boxer and an athlete, his carelessness of convention, which shocks his orthodox parents and neighbours, his love affairs, the pushful self-confidence with which he makes his way in the world, are all unfolded with as vivid a realism as if Mrs. Scott had found in actual life a model for her hero.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.—General Literature : " A Day-book of Walter Savage Landor," chosen by John Bailey. 2s. net. (Cambridge Press.) " Our Social Inheritance," by Victor Branford and Patrick Geddes. 6s. net. (Williams & Norgate.) " The Meaning of the World Revolution," by H. Hamilton Fyfe. 3s. 6d. net. (Cecil Palmer & Hayward.) " Success in Athletics and How to Obtain It," by F. A. M. Webster, T. J. Pryce Jenkins, and R. Vivian Mostyn. 10s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.) " My War Memories," by General Ludendorff. Two volumes. 17s. net. each. (Hutchinson.) " Dublin Essays," by Arthur Clery. 4s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.) " Contemporaries of Shakespeare," by A. C. Swinburne. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.) " The Life of A Simple Man," by Emile Guillaumin. Foreword by Edward Garnett. 7s. net. (Selwyn & Blount.) Fiction : " September," by Frank Swinnerton. 7s. net. (Methuen.)

Cooking and Heating Apparatus

[*Please co-operate with us to make this section of the greatest possible value to all who are home-making throughout our Empire. A constant exchange of ideas should help the most experienced housewife. Mrs. Ernestine Mills, who edits our Home-Makers' pages, is ready to answer questions or to give any advice for which our readers may ask her.*]

Cooking and Heating Apparatus.

THE question of coal is indeed a burning one in these days, and a great deal of attention is being given both by housewives and scientists to the best way of using fuel of every kind. It is unfortunately true that every kitchen range hitherto introduced wastes most of the heat produced by the coal burnt—in many cases a waste of 90 per cent. is estimated. Various stoves are advertised as being specially economical, among them being those which burn anthracite.

There is no doubt that anthracite has great advantages ; it is clean to handle, practically smokeless, gives an intense heat, and leaves very little residuum. It also has disadvantages. It is troublesome to light, soft coal is generally used to start the anthracite. For this reason most anthracite stoves are designed to burn continually day and night, and we must remember that if a stove consumes half the usual amount of fuel, but is burning for twenty-four hours instead of ten or twelve the economy does not amount to much. There is economy of labour, which is certainly important, and greater cleanliness. Three years' experience with a much-advertised anthracite kitchener has not convinced me that it is a great improvement on an ordinary range. True, it gives hot water day and night, it cooks, and it also heats three radiators, but even with the greatest care it consumes just twice the amount of fuel estimated by the makers. Then it would be quite impossible to use it in a kitchen which is also used as a living room, because keeping alight day and night it makes the kitchen intolerably hot in warm weather. It can only be used where there is another sitting room for the maids. It must also be confessed that in three years this stove has had three boilers ! But this may be merely bad luck.

An anthracite stove of cylindrical shape has done valiant service for ten years, heating a large outdoor workshop splendidly. It burns " pea-nut " or very small anthracite, and is stoked once a day. But it is ugly, much too ugly for a sitting room. I am also intimately

Cooking and Heating Apparatus.

acquainted with another anthracite stove, it warms a very cold sitting room which no other method of heating can make really warm in winter. This stove, too, is ugly, but in a different way. It has a mica front which gives a cheerful glow, but the makers have tried to beautify it by ornamenting the door which admits the coal. On this is a girl's face, cast iron in high relief, her clustering curls entwined with water lilies ! She gets very hot, and is a good example of misapplied and foolish decoration. One more difficulty about anthracite stoves—they cannot be managed without intelligence—none of them are "fool proof."

It would take too much space to enumerate all the points to consider in choosing a kitchen range. One important thing is to ascertain whether the flues are accessible and easy to clean, and the dampers or draught regulators simple. Manufacturers should realise that the comfort of the whole family often depends upon the result of that early morning struggle with "the flues" which in England takes place for most of the year in semi-darkness, and when the woman's vitality is at its lowest ebb. Next, let us avoid a quantity of bright metal parts which need polishing, they cause unending and unnecessary work. On the Continent some years ago it was possible to get stoves which were white porcelain enamel outside. They were sometimes ornamented with hideous floral designs but they looked bright and could be cleaned with a damp cloth.

Avoid brick flues if possible, ranges with encased iron flues are better than those which require brickwork, which is often badly constructed by semi-skilled labour. For a small family the range need not exceed three feet in length, this should include a good-sized oven, and should be capable of heating a hot-water cylinder of at least 25-gallon capacity. It is curious that we expend so much fuel in heating water, but seem to have made no attempt to devise any kind of insulation to keep that water hot. Let us hope that with the present price of coal some ingenious person will devise some way of packing our hot water pipes on the "hay box" principle, so that the heat may be retained for several hours.

Where gas is available a gas cooker is certainly a great convenience, but, of course, it does not warm the kitchen. Now that meat is so expensive it is important to choose a gas stove which does not cause much shrinkage. Some ovens cause a shrinkage of 50 per cent. of a joint in cooking, others claim that the shrinkage is as low as 3 per cent. When the world's coal supply really approaches exhaustion (if we are not wise enough before) we shall doubtless adopt a system of co-operative cooking.

In a previous article I mentioned that in one of our large public schools a system of high-pressure steam heating enables the cooking for 600 people to be done with a weekly expenditure of only 7 cwts.

of coke—compare this with the average coal consumption of a single household. **Cooking and Heating Apparatus.**

Various gas heaters for water are on the market, they save labour, but are all rather expensive in working, especially if a constant supply of hot water is needed. Probably the most economical method of heating water is by a small independent coke stove, which can be fixed in scullery or passage, and with very little expenditure of fuel and labour will supply hot water all over the house.

Oil stoves for both cooking and heating are being more and more improved, and will be found most useful, especially where no gas is available. Some of the newest are made with a reservoir which supplies the oil through a pipe, thus obviating the need for constant refilling, and minimising the risk of fire. A type which has been highly recommended is the Blanchard High Power Incandescent oil lamp. One model, burning for eighteen hours without attention, is said to give a 1,500 candle power light at a cost of one halfpenny per hour. The difficulty in this type of lamp has hitherto been the carbonising which has to be cleaned off to ensure a clear light. The usual method was to insert a piece of wire through the nipple or jet, and it was often troublesome and ineffective. In the Blanchard lamp the particles of carbon are cleared at once by turning a small wheel outside the lamp. These lamps are of very good simple design so far as appearance is concerned, and the container, being separated from the burner, should be very safe, as the oil cannot become overheated. No doubt with the discovery of oil in England we shall see its use both for lighting and heating much more generally adopted. In England lately there has been great controversy upon the subject of open fires *versus* radiators and closed stoves. Dr. Leonard Hill maintains that in our damp cloudy climate we need the stimulus of radiant heat, but he also says that the open coal fire so beloved of English people "pollutes the atmosphere, dirties houses and furniture, occasions vast loss of human energy in transport of coal and attention to the fire, destroys vegetation, makes artificial lighting necessary through obscuring daylight, besides diminishing health and happiness and making the environment of citizens dismal!"

After that powerful indictment which of us dares to express any sentimental love for a blazing fire? Apparently the only thing for us is a gas fire more perfect than any yet invented! Electricity is, so far, too expensive and too wasteful in transmission. When all our coal is carbonised at the pit head and gas distributed by relays of pumping stations, when combined gas and electric power stations supply us with gas for heating and electricity for power and lighting, our towns will no doubt be healthier and cleaner. But might we be allowed a wood fire sometimes—just for the beauty and cheerfulness of it? Let us hope so!

ERNESTINE MILLS.

The Best Way

The Best Way.

USTRALIAN PUDDING.—Half pound of flour, quarter pound suet, quarter pound currants, quarter pound raisins, quarter pound sugar, quarter pound peel, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Mix with quarter pint of new milk. Well butter a basin, put in the mixture with a piece of buttered paper over the top, and tie down tightly with a cloth. Steam for three hours and serve with sweet sauce. All the ingredients are grown in Australia.

STAINED HANDS.—After preparing French beans, peeling fruit, etc., do not use soap when washing the hands, but just plain water. Soap used on the vegetable juices makes the stains harder to remove.—M. E. Eames, Inchiquin, Clare, S. Australia.

GOLOSHES which are worn through at the heel can be given a new lease of life by cutting out the heel part, leaving a narrow strip round the top to fit round the back of the boot.

NUT COOKIES.—One cup of molasses, quarter cup margarine (or butter) half cup sugar, half level teaspoonful of salt, one level teaspoonful powdered ginger, half level teaspoonful soda, quarter cup cold water, three cups flour, half cup broken shelled walnuts. Heat the molasses, pour over the margarine, mix well. Add sugar, salt, and ginger. Dissolve soda in the cold water and add to first mixture. Stir in the flour, making dough, to be dropped from a spoon or rolled or cut into small squares. Add the walnut meat last. Bake in moderate oven.

TO KEEP EGGS.—If one wants to keep eggs for some time without using a patent preserver, it may be done in this way. Put a little ordinary fat on a piece of cloth and rub all over the egg. Eggs with a thin layer of fat all over them will keep for a considerable time.—R. H. Anderson, Esq., Meeberrie Station, via Yalgoo, W. Australia.

PRESERVING WATERPROOFS.—Rev. N. C. Logan, The Vicarage, New Hanover Rail., Natal, S. Africa, asks : "Is there any way of preserving waterproofs (ordinary mackintosh rubber solution) from perishing in this climate ? After a year or two the composition seems to disappear entirely, and the material is no longer waterproof."

Can any reader suggest any process to preserve the rubber ? We can only recommend that if rubber stands the climate so badly it might be advisable to procure some make of waterproof—such as Burberry—which does not depend upon rubber at all. Ordinary cloth can be rendered waterproof as follows :—Dissolve one pound and a quarter of alum in five gallons of boiling water ; in a separate vessel dissolve the same quantity of sugar of lead. Mix the two solutions. The cloth is now well worked in this liquid until every part of it is penetrated ; it is then squeezed or dried in the air, or in a warm room, then washed in cold water, and dried again ; it is then fit for use. If necessary, the cloth may be dipped in the liquid twice before being washed. A tweed coat will stand the heaviest rain if treated as follows :—Dissolve half pound of sugar of lead and the same quantity of powdered alum in a pail of soft water, stir until clear. Immerse the coat in the solution for twenty-four hours, hang up to dry without rinsing. This has been recommended as reliable, but we think it would be well to experiment on an old coat, as, unless the tweed was already thoroughly shrunk, it might cause some shrinkage.

In Mrs. Mills' notes on the care of parquet flooring in the last issue the word "carpet" was inserted by error in place of crack. The sentence should read "Well-laid parquet flooring needs little polishing as there are no cracks for the dust to rise through."

The Educational Work of the League of the Empire, 1901—1919

By the Right Hon. Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart., President of the League

The Educational Work of the League of the Empire, 1901—1919.

IN the last number of "Overseas" our Chairman offered cordial greetings to Members of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League, and welcomed the amalgamation of our two societies. As President of the League of the Empire, it falls to me to give a brief account of the Imperial education work of the League during the last two decades.

The Boer War brought the League of the Empire into existence; now the Great War of 1914 has been the occasion of uniting our two societies for the common good.

It is difficult to realise how few were the common interests, how slight the bond between the countries and the dominions and colonies of the Empire twenty years ago. The part of the League of the Empire has been to demonstrate the fact that co-operation in education and wider knowledge of each other's educational ideals and work is of inestimable value, not only to the younger countries of the Empire but also to the Motherland.

The League owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, a great pioneer of imperial unity. His visit to South Africa in 1902 brought him into touch with the early work of the League there, and after his return to the Colonial Office he again helped the League's work by sending a despatch to all the Colonial Governments recommending to their attention the Comrades' Correspondence Scheme, and enclosing therewith a full account of the aims and objects of the League.

The Comrades' Correspondence work, including the affiliation of schools throughout the Empire, won immediate support. It brought the League into association not only with education authorities, but with teachers throughout the Empire, and this made possible the larger services to imperial education which it was the League's privilege afterwards to initiate.

The possibilities of imperial co-operation having been made apparent when the League offered to convene the first Imperial Conference on Education, the invitation was at once unanimously accepted throughout the overseas dominions and colonies.

In 1907 this conference was held in London, and it was a remarkable gathering. For the first time representatives of the Education Departments of the whole Empire, self-governing dominions, colonies and dependencies, met in consultation. The results of this conference were lasting in that responsibility for future meetings

The Educational Work of the League of the Empire, 1901—1919.

was undertaken by the Imperial Government. Resolutions were passed expressing high appreciation of the League's work and of the value of the Conference to the work of the Education Departments.

In 1912 the League held the first Imperial Conference of the Teachers' Associations throughout the Empire, attended by over 600 delegates, and in 1913 the Imperial Union of Teachers was formed.

For many years the League has devoted serious attention to the study of Imperial history. Three Imperial History Text-books, forming a graded series, have been issued, edited by Professor A. F. Pollard. The first of these books, all the proofs of which dealing with each country and colony were revised on the spot, is intended for students and the general public ; the two other volumes are suitable for secondary and primary schools. A scheme for the study of Imperial history and geography has just been issued by the League and will be dealt with in a future issue.

Teachers will be interested in knowing that the second Conference of the Imperial Union of Teachers will be held by the Minister of Education for Ontario on behalf of the League, in Toronto, probably in the summer of 1921. Overseas teachers wishing to take part should communicate with the League of the Empire Committee, Over-Seas Club, London. The question of interchange and migration of teachers for purposes of study or educational experience will be prominent at this conference.

I have dealt solely with the educational activities of the League, but many other useful undertakings have been carried out, especially during the War. The League's war depôt distributed over a million gifts. Presentations were made to all the Overseas contingents, and souvenir gifts to disabled soldiers. Of more lasting importance was a conference held in London of Overseas soldier-teachers serving with their several forces. About 300 attended this conference, which was opened in the Marble Hall of the India Office by Prince Arthur of Connaught.

In connection with its educational work the League has undertaken to provide headquarters in London for the Teachers of the Empire as a memorial of their services in the War. Several rooms have already been given and much aid promised. The memorial will, of course, be a part of the great headquarters to be raised by the Over-Seas Club in memory of those who have given their lives in this Great War.

I will only add that whole-heartedly we bring our services into line with the great work of Major Wrench and the Over-Seas Club, believing that thereby the work of both societies will be strengthened and our Empire better served.

F. POLLOCK.

THE OVERSEAS FORUM

Readers are invited to correspond with one another.

MY MONTHLY LETTER FROM HOME.—I dread the thought of having to miss one single issue of "Overseas" as it is my monthly letter from home to which I look forward. When I received the book of Membership forms I had hoped to get a special badge of honour this fall, as prospects were looking good in our district for making a round up of P.B.O.'s, but, alas! the weather man had a different view of things. Every one has put almost their last dollar into the ground, figuring on a good harvest this year, but we are all practically burnt out in S. Alberta, and the best of the crops will not make any more than chicken food. If the Dominion Government does not step in and give us some relief for the winter there'll be an awful bunch of dead stock and half-starved people before spring. If I could move my farm over to my old home in Derbyshire, where it rainsgood and plenty, I think I could make enough to pay all my dues and give a trifle to some of the institutions appealing for help through the magazine.—B. Street, Faith P.O., Alta, Canada.

AN ARMISTICE DAY LETTER.—I wonder if the readers of "Overseas" would be interested to hear how a certain family celebrated the Armistice, November 11th, 1918? Although almost a year ago, it is still fresh in my memory. The lady is the daughter of the President of the United Fruit Co. After her children had been ringing bells and beating drums with great enthusiasm, she raised a huge "Stars and Stripes," all singing "The Star-spangled Banner"; then she lowered it and joined with it the dear old "Union Jack," raised the two together, all singing with as much enthusiasm "God Save the King"; she lowered them again and joined the French flag. As the three were raised together they all sang the "Marseillaise." I do not believe another family in America thought of such a novel way to celebrate the Armistice. It was indeed thrilling, and I have thought many times that I would like to tell it to "Overseas." Miss Mary E. Greengrass, Dorrich, Beach Bluff, Mass., U.S.A.

THE BRITISH IN NIUE.—There are not more than a couple of dozen British-born residents in Niue, and I doubt if there will ever be more. With luck we get five or six mails a year at uncertain intervals.

I send you herewith application forms from G. N. Morris, Dr. N. Barraclough, J. C. Evison, Mrs. Evison, A. M. Cowan. I shall be glad if you will reply speedily to this, as it may then reach us by the end of the year.—Rev. James H. Cullen, Niue, South Pacific, via Auckland.

SAW DISRAELI.—I am not altogether a stranger to your city, for as a lad I worked in the Ainsworth's thread warehouse, 17, Lawrence Lane, Cheapside, during the erection of Gog and Magog at Bennetts. That was a wonderful thing to me, coming from the country. The last time I was there was in 1878, when I had the privilege of seeing that noble man "Disraeli," as he landed at Charing Cross. You may remember about that time he took some of the mark out of Bismarck. I was in the P. & O. service at the time.—G. H. Travers, Samoa, Rumboldt Co., California, U.S.A.

The Overseas Forum.

"A GOOD CATCH."—Please send me some more application forms as there are prospects of a good catch here.—Eric Flower, Praia de Lavadores, Villa Nova de Gaya, Portugal.

[*We hope our correspondent's catch will be a very large one.*]

"A VERY ARDENT OVERSEASER."—Just now I am the only Member at Blyth, but I think that with the aid of our very excellent magazine and the other literature and photographs which the Club distributes, I shall be able to get some of the other residents of the town interested.

As a committee man of the Local Institute Library I will obtain the Committee's permission, if possible, to place "Overseas" and the Club's literature on the reading tables.

I have to thank a very ardent "Overseaser" in the Rev. H. H. Wyllie for having brought the Club before my notice. This gentleman is an H.C.S. at Robe, a charming little seaport town in the south-east of South Australia, where I was stationed before coming to Blyth.—N. G. Sawyer, The English, Scottish and Australian Bank, Blyth, South Australia.

ICE-BOUND IN LABRADOR.—It is now August 17th, and for the first time for this season the mail bag that carries the Labrador mail has passed north of our island. The boat could not reach us for ice; she came in sight, but could not get to the harbour, and had to return south to-day. No boat could get to her, and there is still a field of ice in front of us. I have never known ice so late on the coast in all my life, and I have now been over sixty years on the coast. Up to now we have caught no fish on account of ice. It might interest you to know a little about our country of ice and snow.—Charles McNiell, Turnavick Island, Labrador.

A DESCENDANT OF BRIAN BORU.—With reference to the question of loss of nationality by children of British parents born abroad after the third generation, we beg to inform you that there are a number of similar cases in the Balkans, the interested parties of which await with anxiety to hear any fresh ruling.

One case is peculiar. The grandfather was a British soldier in Corfu at the time of the Crimean War, and his wife was an Irishwoman; their son was born in the citadel in Corfu, and was married to an Englishwoman; his son was born in Patras, and married an Englishwoman, who went from London to Athens to be married; there is no trace of foreign blood in the family, which traces back to Brian Boru on one side, and a follower of William I. from Normandy on the other; this latter being the only trace of foreign blood that we can discover in the family; yet, according to the present ruling, the five children born of that marriage, and educated in England, are Greeks, which, as we used to say in my school days, is absurd.

I have cited one particular instance, and I can give you the names and addresses of several others whose cases run on much the same lines, and I shall be glad to hear whether the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League has been able to impress upon people at home that the patriots of such families abroad are more patriotic than the most patriotic Member of the Patriotic League residing in England.—U. G. Pilcher, c/o Messrs. W. Morphy & Son, Patras, Greece.

A BETTER WORLD.—I feel that in working for the Over-Seas Club I am working, not only for the Empire and the British people, but for those who are going to be the means of bringing in, or preparing to bring in, a greater and holier Kingdom. Mrs. Partridge, "Ben-my-Chree" Mines, via Atlin, B.C., Canada.

LEFT ENGLAND IN 1888.—I have just been reading the November, 1918, number of "Overseas." I found it amongst a number of books

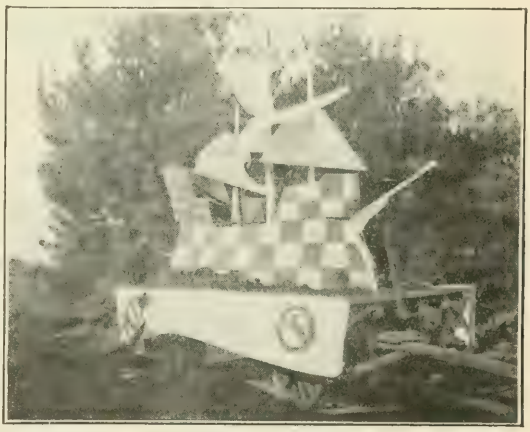
and papers in this bungalow, of which I have been given possession whilst I remain in Freetown. I had not previously heard of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League, but it seems to me to be just what is needed for "stay at home" Britons as well as those who get away overseas and experience in their work and lives what the Empire's greatness means! I left England as a lad in the year 1888, therefore England is only a distant memory for me, but she is, nevertheless, very dear to me! - S. Maxey, No. 29, Bungalow, Clinetown, Freetown, Sierra Leone, Africa.

BUFFALO BILL'S HOME.—I will tell you a little about my trip. It took us two days and one night to get to Cody, the home of the late "Buffalo Bill." Thence forty-five miles to Anto, over hill and dale, some very tricky places to ride along, away up on one side of the road and away down on the other; but we arrived safely at "Meateetse," and there you can see snow all the year round on the mountain tops, and the Greybull River, celebrated for its good fishing, roaring through the gorges. We killed only one "coyote," a real beauty. They are very hard to reach, except by trapping. We shot one hoot-owl which measured five feet from tip of wing to tip of wing when spread out, and a head as big as a cat's. Hares and rabbits in plenty. Then we started back, and made a call at Cheyenne and Thermopolis, celebrated for its hot springs (the latter place), then on to Denver. On our way we came through the "Big Hom Canyon" -one of the beauty-spots of Wyoming. The rocky scenery is something grand. From Denver we came east to Lincoln, then north to Pipestone Mine, which derives its name from a red stone that is quarried by the Indians, who fashion it into pipes, axes, tomahawks, and other souvenirs. Finally we landed in C. B. dead tired with our travelling some 2,000 miles in all—and here we are to stay for a while, anyway. -Tom Yarwood, 1520, Avenue B, Council Bluffs, Iowa, U.S.A.

HAMBURG "DOWN AND OUT."—You will see, from the address that I am now in Hamburg with foodstuffs for the American Relief Commission. Knowing this city as I used to know it, it is almost pathetic to see it in its present condition, with hardly any ships on the river and all the tugs and lighters laid up doing nothing, while the railways are full of waggons waiting for repairs.

The people are all very civil, but if they think they can get anything out of you they are very subservient, far too much so; and they have even got into the habit of clicking their heels when they bow. I hate shaking hands with them, but I often have to, in the ship's interests.—Lieut.-Commander R. C. Coppock, "Mayfield," Whitchurch, Cardiff, Wales.

NUMBER ONE.—Here at last is the first membership form of the ten (if not twenty !) which I hope to send you before



An O.S. Ship which took part in the Germiston Peace Celebrations. It was copied from the cover of "Overseas." Taken by Mrs. G. C. Acutt, sent by Mr. J. H. Powell, Box 76, Germiston, Transvaal.

The Overseas Forum.

August, 1920.—Miss E. de T. Miller, Huntly, Bishop's Teignton, S. Devon.

MR. JONES AT PRINCE RUPERT.—I had the pleasure of listening to a very interesting and inspiring address by Mr. Francis Jones, your Special Commissioner, in Prince Rupert on Sunday last. It was quite by accident that I was in Rupert, and was very agreeably surprised to find Mr. Jones was going to address the congregation.—A. Atkins, Dominion Cannery, Skeena River, British Columbia, Canada.

BATOUM AND SEBASTOPOL.—Since I wrote last we have left Batoum, where we got a great send-off. The people came and stood round the harbour, and some hired boats and rowed out to cheer us, but they were very sorry we were going, and hoped to see us again. We left about August 26th and arrived at Sebastopol on the 28th, where we stayed a few days.

Sebastopol is far better than Batoum, and is better managed ; also, the park is very nice ; they have bands playing every night and refreshment places, where you can sit down to have a glass of coffee or tea. There is a great hall built on the site of the last fort to fall to the British in 1854 and 1856. In this hall is a great painting depicting the full view of the town, the British ships bombarding the forts from the sea, and some of our ships sinking and others that have already sunk. English, French, and Russian soldiers, Red Cross nurses and doctors, dead and wounded laid out on the field, are all painted. It is the most wonderful piece of painting, and took twenty-seven years to complete. It is painted on canvas in a circular design. Lying near it are old cannons and the different weapons of war they used in those days.

We left Sebastopol on September 7th, and came on to Constantinople ; here we had a further stay of four days because our ship needed some repairs, and now we are sailing for Malta dockyard.—W. H. Meredith, H.M.S. *Ark Royal*, c/o G.P.O., London.

TO SETTLE IN FIJI.—We are sailing for Canada early next month, and, after some months of travelling, expect eventually to settle in the Fiji Islands, where we shall lose no time in getting in touch with the local Branch. Before then, however, I expect to meet many old friends in Canada who may not have already joined the Club, in which case I shall have no difficulty in filling in the blank forms.—J. B. H. Roe, c/o Sir C. McGrigor, Bart., & Co., 39, Panton Street, London, S.W. 1.

BRITONS IN BOLIVIA.—I shall be very pleased to do what I can in the "Big Push," but there are only about half-a-dozen British subjects in this district, and three of us are now Members of the Club. A. Watt, Llallagua, Bolivia, S. America.

NATIONAL GYMNASIA WANTED.—I doubt very much if any local Members are likely to be in London during 1921, but many changes may occur in the intervening two years, and I hope we may be represented at the Imperial Home-coming.

I suggest that a rough draft programme of what you propose the conference shall discuss, and a general statement of its aims, be published at the earliest possible date in "Overseas."

You have evinced interest in child welfare ; why not go still further and try to influence the public to take up the equally important national duty of keeping fit ? Large gymnasiums with attractive exercises, accompanied by suitable music, where both sexes could attend, with accommodation also for spectators, would perhaps popularise the movement.

I attended regularly such a place in Myrtle Street, Liverpool, in my

young days, and have no doubt that it has helped greatly to enable me to live for over thirty years in the tropics without ill effect.—E. H. Mitchell, Rarotonga, Cook Islands, South Pacific.

OVERSEAS FLAG ON GOVERNMENT BUILDING.—His Excellency the Governor of New Zealand (the Earl of Liverpool) paid a visit to Aitutaki last month. I was away at the time on a visit to Rarotonga, but our worthy President, Mr. John Lord, informs me that our Overseas flag waved gaily over the Government building on the occasion, our resident agent, Captain Saunderson-Coozer, being a Member of the Club. An address of welcome from the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League was presented to His Excellency, to which he suitably replied.—A. H. Browne, Aitutaki, Cook Islands.

FROM ASCENSION TO SUEZ.—Please note I have been transferred to Suez, Egypt, from Ascension Island.—A. A. Channens, E.T.C., Staff Mess, Suez, Egypt.

A CHALLENGE FROM SOUTH AFRICA.—We have very fine public offices here (Union Buildings), and I am prepared to throw out a challenge that they surpass those of any of the other British Dominions and to prove it by photographs.—F. S. Heaton, Native Affairs Office, Union Buildings, Pretoria, South Africa.

A DISAPPOINTMENT TO US ALL.—I was terribly disappointed on reaching Sydney, after all my endeavours to secure Members for the Over-Seas Club, to find that no such place existed there. We made inquiries everywhere, but to no avail. However, on inquiring for letters from the Superintendent of Mails, I found that he was a Member, but, like myself, had no Club to attend. How is it? Again, on reaching Melbourne I was told that the Over-Seas Club no longer existed for lady Members, and when my son, a soldier, went to the men's section of Over-Seas they would not admit him. It seems such a pity, as I feel sure that it could be made as great a success as our London Branch. We really require Mr. Wrench out here again to set affairs on a proper footing. I was so certain of finding the Club that I put myself to some trouble to search for it. Finally a man at Gordon and Gotch's said that there was no such place in Sydney.—Mrs. Hopkins, c/o T. Turner-Shaw, Wooriwyrite Terang, Victoria, Australia.

[*I can assure Mrs. Hopkins she can be no more disappointed than I am.—E. W.*]

HIS ONLY COMPANIONS.—It was very nice to see Mr. Weeks' photo in the magazine; it appeared the same month that he died, so he did not see it, poor chap. His horse and his dog were all the companions he had in the world, and it was just a little pathetic that he did not see the photo; he would have been so delighted.—S. McAllister, Santa Elena, Entre Rios, Argentine Republic, S. America.

The late Mr. Weeks was our H.C.S. at Santa Elena, and a warm supporter of our cause.

ORANGES, COTTON AND TOBACCO.—The personal touch is the right one, and I wish you all the success you deserve. My remissness in sending in my sub. is due to the fact that I have only been back from Flanders for a few weeks, and as this is an orange, cotton and tobacco district, and the export season is at its height, you can imagine time is a valuable commodity. Added to which about 25 per cent. of the population is down with 'flu and petrol is almost unobtainable.—S. Powell-Jones, St. Petrock, Rustenburg, Transvaal, South Africa.

[*I have the happiest recollections of a visit to the charming Rustenburg district.—E. W.*]

Soldier Teachers from the Five Dominions in Conference

A Reminiscence by a South African Soldier-Teacher

Soldier Teachers from the Five Dominions in Conference.

VERSEAS teachers have often had reason for gratitude to the League of the Empire, but of all the Conferences held the last has been unique in that it has gathered together teachers who in the ordinary way would never have had the opportunity of coming to England.

At the very outset when an un-pedagogical looking khaki gathering met in the Marble Hall of the India Office the very warmth of the welcome made every man glow with the humility of being a citizen of no mean Empire. And at the end of the fortnight's programme—the only drawback of which was that so much had to be compressed into such short space of time—all must have felt that the hope expressed in the nobly simple letter from Queen Alexandra to the soldier-teachers had been more than realised. Not only were they carrying back interesting and happy memories of the fortnight's sojourn in the Motherland, but they were returning to their own Dominions better equipped because of association with new methods of teaching, new types of schools, new problems, new ideals.

As was to be expected in the heart of the Empire, the whole of the system of the London County Council Schools was a marvel of completeness. The eagerness of their teachers to open out all their treasures, to help their overseas colleagues, will carry many a lonely dominie through grey days. But probably what was of as great value to the schoolmaster, and of more to the man, were the visits to places modestly described as of "historic interest."

Assuredly history teaching will take a new aspect, and the child in the far away loneliness of his sunbaked corner of the Empire will have his imagination fired, his power of hero worship developed as his teacher pictures not only the "Stately Homes of England," venerable in their antiquity, but the gracious men and women who had been his hosts and whose names were one with the Empire's history.

It was indeed much more than an interesting fortnight. The rays have been focussed for us and we have gone back to our own place seeing not through a glass darkly. The brotherhood of arms has had a fitting culmination, for instead of merely parting we have had our interests consolidated, our vision widened, our hopes raised, our sense of vocation deepened.

A newer understanding will come, a pride of race that will make for the time

> "When honest worth o'er a' the earth
> Shall bear the gree for a' that."

OVERSEAS

Empire Building.—The Work of our Comrades Correspondence Branch.

(Comrades' Correspondence Branch, League of the Empire)

Empire Building.

THE War has shown what it means for us all to stand together as one united Empire, and that British patriotism covers not only love for our own particular country, but for the whole Empire. How can we stand together in peace equally as in war? That is a work in which all the young people of the Empire may help, and one way they can set about it is by learning all they can about the different Dominions and Colonies, and by making friends with those who live in parts of the Empire far away from their own homes.

If we cannot travel and meet our overseas cousins in their own lands, we can, at any rate, learn much and get great pleasure by corresponding with them. Indeed, it is delightful to have a comrade who will write and tell you about his home and what he is doing, who will send you pictures of the country where he lives, and, perhaps, specimens of flowers and creatures the like of which you have never before seen.

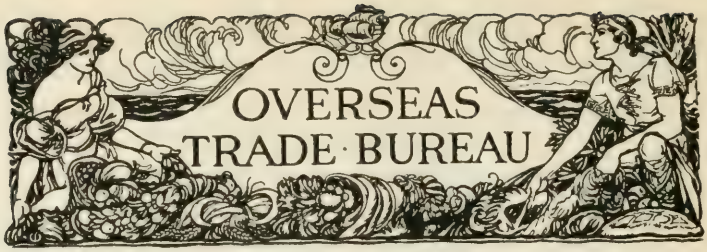
If you are fond of Nature study your comrade may perhaps tell you that she possesses a parrot and a cockatoo who have their wings cut, and walk about the yard and get their bath in a very clever way; or you may hear about the beach where the sand is black; or of an ostrich farm in Australia where "the male birds fight like Trojans." You would perhaps learn about places where droughts are very bad, about dust storms, and, again, about a place where all the world goes mad at the rare sight of a fall of snow. Incidentally, also, you may learn some curious slang.

How can we help the Empire through the Comrades' Correspondence Branch? In many ways. If you form a branch of all the comrades in your town or village, you can welcome those that are coming out and see that they are not lonely. Comrades have shown themselves real friends in trouble. Not a few we know have nursed their correspondents in illness when they came to the Motherland. Families have been re-united through their services, and many who have emigrated have found a welcome in their comrades' home.

To have Empire friends and learn their point of view is a first step in Empire citizenship.

Note.—Any Members wanting a comrade should send their name and address (age in the case of children), and some subjects in which they are interested, to the Hon. Secretary, League of the Empire Committee, Over-Seas Club, London.

Soldier Teachers from the Five Dominions in the Marble Hall of the India Office, at the Conference arranged by the League of the Empire.



[The Overseas Trade Bureau aims at being of use to Members. Genuine Trade enquiries are welcomed and suggestions invited. The Object of the Overseas Trade Bureau is to develop British Empire Trade, and the free service offered by this Department is at the disposal of Members.—Editor.]

Overseas Trade Bureau.

RECIAN MARKETS.—"We are the largest ironmongers in Patras, and up to the present have been finding considerable difficulty in dealing with Great Britain. At the present moment we are disposed to open negotiations with any firm in England, and to obtain all materials from Great Britain, if satisfactory arrangements can be made. The following is a list of the articles we import :—Asbestos, Balata and leather belting and belting laces, rubber and cloth-covered spiral pipes, files, etc. We would point out that for any dealings with Patras it is far better for British houses to quote C.I.F. Patras. Merchants are inclined to pay a little more for this facility and, we may add, there is always a Cunard boat calling here every three weeks or a month."—Enquiry 787, Patras.

We wrote on the above firm's behalf to Messrs. A. R. Robertson & Co., 68, Gordon Street, Glasgow, Manufacturers of the Solid Woven Cotton Belting, and Files, etc.; Messrs. David Baxter & Sons, Todd Street, Manchester, Manufacturers of Belting and Belt Fasteners; The Northern Rubber Co., Ltd , 40-44, Wicker, Sheffield, Manufacturers of Chemical, Rubber and Asbestos Goods; and Messrs. A. J. Bailey & Co., 305, High Street, Poplar, London, E. 14, Manufacturers of Bolts, Screws, Nails, Wires and Wire Netting, etc. We understand these firms wrote direct to our Member.

CONTINENTAL SHIPPING AGENTS.—"We are anxious to get into touch with shipping and forwarding agents on the Continent with a view to reciprocal business. Could you give us a list of such firms ?"—Enquiry 800, London, E.C. 3.

We sent our Member the following list of firms :—V. Berthould & Cie., 44, Rue d'Enghien; G. Blondel, 15, Rue du Conservatoire; Emile Bouveret, 25, Rue Etienne Marcel; H. Desmidt & Cie., 20, Rue du Mail; Jonemann et Fils, 24, Rue d'Enghien; L. Meganck, 36, Rue Croix-des-Petits Champs; Morisse et Choquet, 93, Rue Lafayette; Kimbel & Cie., 31, Marche St. Honore, all of Paris.

AGENCY FOR VANCOUVER.—"I am shortly taking over a manufacturers' agency business in this city, and will be glad to hear from any English firms who require representation here, or with whom I can do business as purchasing agent."—Enquiry 796, Vancouver, British Columbia.

DENMARK.—"I am Chairman of the 'Commercio Company, Ltd.,' in Copenhagen, and would be interested in corresponding with firms who wish to place an agency for their goods and manufactures in Denmark."—Enquiry 808, Denmark.

OVERSEAS

Overseas Trade Bureau.

OLIVE OIL.—" I am anxious to get into touch with importers of olive oil from the south of Spain. Could you put me in touch with some firms dealing in the same ? Also, could you inform me if there are any restrictions on the part of the British authorities with regard to the import of olive oil to this country from Spain ? "—Enquiry 816, Hammersmith.

We wrote on our Member's behalf to Messrs. Campbell & Co., 4, Brabant Court, Philpot Lane, London, E.C. 3 ; and Messrs. Archibald V. Hart, 11, Arthur Street, London, E.C. 4, Importers of Olive Oil, who write that olive oil is allowed into this country without restriction, but the export of olive oil is prohibited from Spain. The Spanish Government authorised the export of 90,000 tons during the present year, but it is understood that export licences have already been issued for this amount.

SISAL HEMP.—" Under separate covers I have posted you three samples of sisal hemp cultivated here. I should be glad if you would forward one sample to Scotland to a rope-making manufacturer, one to Belfast and one to Lancashire. These samples are from a young plant ; but left to grow to its full height, its staple would be from four to five feet in length."—Enquiry 812, Alexandria, Egypt.

We forwarded the samples in question to the Edinburgh Roperie and Sailcloth Co., Ltd., 147, Minories, London, E 1 ; The Belfast Ropework Co., Ltd., Belfast, Ireland ; Messrs John Wilcock & Co., Ltd., 43, Cannon Street, Manchester, who took the matter up direct.

BUNGALOWS.—" Could you put me in touch with an architect who makes a speciality of designing bungalows and who could place before me a selection of plans for my inspection with a view to selling one, if suitable, and getting working plans made ? I desire a bungalow for erection in Patagonia, Argentine."—Enquiry 805, Folkestone.

The following firms got into touch with our Member direct. Messrs. Humphreys, Ltd., 189, Knightsbridge, London, S.W. 7 ; Messrs. T. Bath & Co., 18, Savoy Street, W.C. 2.

RICE.—" I would be glad if you could put me in touch with an exporter of rice. There is a good market here for this commodity, and it would be possible to place 2,000 sacks a month. Any information required by exporters in regard to markets in the Dominican Republic will be given with pleasure."—Enquiry 806, West Indies.

Owing to the shortage of rice for home consumption in this country, it is impossible to get licences for export at the present time.

GLASS, CHINA, HERBS, ETC.—" As a Member of the Over-Seas Club here I am addressing you on the following lines :—Herbs, oils, essences, colouring matters, acids, and all other ingredients used in the manufacture of syrups, liqueurs, gins, beers, etc. All the above commodities are urgently required here. Could you ask a good firm to communicate with me at once regarding special prices and terms, as now is the time to compete against other importers ? I might say that the Americans are doing their best to capture the lost market of the Germans. Also, I want to get into touch with manufacturers of glass, china, and stone-ware vessels for jams, etc. Would you ask any firm interested to send me illustrated catalogues ? "—Enquiry 807, Portugal.

We put our Member in touch with the following firms : (a) Messrs. Gerald Macdonald & Co., 9, Botolph Lane, Eastcheap, E.C. ; (b) Messrs. F. H. Taylor & Sons, 131, Seven Sisters Road, N.

ROLLS ROYCE

THE HISTORY OF THE CROSSING OF THE ATLANTIC.

¶ The first crossing of the Atlantic was accomplished by Christopher Columbus in the year 1492. He completed the journey, Palos (in Spain) to San Salvador, in 41 days in the sailing ship "Santa Maria."

¶ The first steamship, without the use of sails, to cross the Atlantic was the "Sirius," which sailed from Cork on the 4th April, 1838, and arrived at New York 17 days later.

¶ The fastest trip ever made across the Atlantic by an Atlantic Liner was made by the "Mauretania" in September, 1909, from Queenstown to New York—the time taken between Fastnet Light and Ambrose Channel Light Vessel being 4 days, 10 hours, 41 minutes.

¶ **The first direct flight across the Atlantic was made on June 14th/15th, 1919, from St. John's, Newfoundland, to co. Galway in Ireland, by a Vickers "Vimy" type Aeroplane fitted with two Rolls-Royce 360 h.p. engines. The time taken was only 15 hours, 57 minutes.**

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Overseas Employment and Information Bureau

[The Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League merely acts as a medium of introduction, and cannot be held responsible for the accuracy of any of the announcements published.—Editor.]

Overseas Employment and Information Bureau.

WILL DAY, Ltd., of 19, Lisle Street, Leicester Square, London W.C. 2, are one of the oldest firms of manufacturers of Cinematograph Projectors, and general Cinema Appliances. They need agents in every part of the Colonies for many new lines they are making, including a really first-class projector.

CAPE COLONY.—For Sale 62,000 acres best cattle ranching country, west of Kimberley, 10s. per acre ; well fenced and watered. Stock could be taken over. Only principals dealt with. Address "September," c/o Advertising Department, Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C. 2, England.

ELECTRICAL POSITION.—Scotsman wishes to obtain appointment abroad. Age 39. Married. Family, three. Possesses brain and energy, and is not afraid of work. Good education. Twenty years' business experience. Knowledge of motor vehicles, electricity, electrical goods, light castings as used by builders and plumbers, etc. Handy with tools and machinery, accustomed to control of employees. Has been three and a half years in France in M.T., A.S.C., driving motor transport lorry. British Columbia preferred, or would take post in England with British firm contemplating establishing factory or branch abroad with a view to proceeding abroad later in firm's interest.—*E. B. 618, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

WILL GO ANYWHERE.—Young man, age 24, seeks post in any part of the world. Expert shorthand typist and accountant. Experienced knowledge of French and commercial and shipping office routine. Post desired where brains and hard work will be recognised. Go anywhere.—*E. B. 856, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

PIG AND POULTRY FARMING.—A practical colonial, now on service as a Labour Officer in France, wishes to take up pig and poultry farming. Would prefer to remain at home if a suitable place in one of the warmer and drier counties was obtainable ; otherwise would go abroad again. Can any Member give helpful information regarding either home or British Columbia and Nova Scotia, with special reference to the climate of the latter two countries.—*E. B. 857, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

CARETAKER, PORTER, ETC.—Pre-war pensioner, single, 50, abstainer, desires situation as caretaker, guide, gate-keeper, indoor porter, wardman, etc., in sanatorium or convalescent homes or institutions. *E. B. 858, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

FOR SALE.—A group of five coffee estates in Uganda, comprising 1,250 acres freehold, 270 acres under coffee, of which 190 are in bearing. Half partnership entertained. For further particulars apply Box "A" Department, Over-Seas Club, Aldwych, W.C. 2.

FARMING IN S. AFRICA.—Position wanted on farm in S. Africa by young man (19), strong, well educated, with one year's experience of mixed farming in England. Natal or Rhodesia preferred.—*E. B. 865, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

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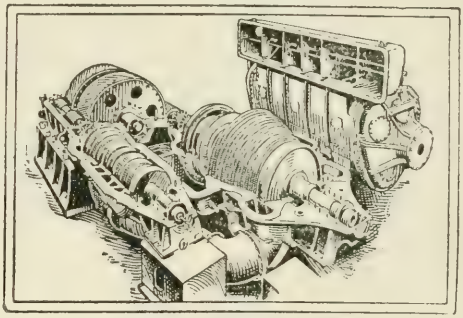

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Erith.	**LONDON, S.W. 1.**	**Crayford.**
Ipswich.		**Weybridge.**

All Members are invited to make free use of this section.

Members' Exchange.

REGINALD SAVAGE, 2266, Smith Street, Regina, Sask., Canada.—"It occurred to me that there might be some Members that were born at Sittingbourne, Kent, and, if this is the case, I surely would be pleased to talk over school days, which are endeared to us all far away from the 'Old School House on the Hill.'"

ANTIQUES.—Will any one who has opportunities of picking up small pieces of old brass, silver, china, jewellery, etc., and would like to sell them in London for a small commission, communicate with Box 1872, Over-Seas Club?

Does any antique dealer want an agent in London? Highest references given.—Box 1872, Over-Seas Club.

Miss E. F. Harrington, 28, Glen Road, Kelburn, Wellington, New Zealand.—"In February last I received a letter containing some very rare stamps from a Member of the Over-Seas Club on the Gold Coast, West Africa, signed simply 'Wanderer,' in response to a request of mine inserted in the Members' Exchange column of the October magazine. I wish to thank 'Wanderer' for them, especially for the rare Haut Senegal et Niger."

M. F. Smith, 86, Frobisher Road, Hornsey, London, N. 8.—"I expect to take up an appointment in Cuba, so if you can put me in touch with any one that can give me particulars of this country I should be grateful."

A. H. Gee, Prince Rupert, British Columbia, Canada.—"I would be glad to correspond with any Members interested in this part of Canada."

J. E. Clayton, 485, Hildreth Street, Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.—"I should be greatly pleased to receive some illustrated papers or magazines of some kind from some Members in London, and, if they so desired, I would send them some of our American periodicals."

Miss M. J. Goudie, The High School, Medicine Hat, Alberta, Canada.—"Can any Member forward me a January and February copy of the magazine."

W. F. Wilson, Box 1179, Honolulu, T.H., U.S.A.—"One dollar will be paid for a copy of the July, 1918, issue of 'Overseas.'"

H. H. Richmond, c/o F. J. Seldon, Esq., R.R.I., Raglan, Ontario, Canada.—"I should be greatly obliged if you could place me in touch with a correspondent in Saskatchewan or Alberta who is acquainted with farming conditions in these provinces."

A. J. Bland, 404, Thirteenth Avenue North, Seattle, Washington, U.S.A., who was in the S.M.R. 1899—1903, would like to receive picture postcards of South Africa, and especially Kimberley and the mines. "I'd be so greatly obliged, and will send Seattle views in return. Please mail to me at 404, Avenue North, Seattle, Washington."

W. Haylmore, P.O. Box 42, Lillooet, British Columbia, Canada.—"Will any Member kindly send me information *re* gold mining in Borneo, gold quartz or placer. Amalgamater, miner by profession. Twenty years' experience prospecting, ranging from Mexico to Alaska. Would like to go out for reliable company. References given and asked. Gladly give information *re* prospecting in British Columbia."

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Members' Exchange.

Mrs. L. Fanaken, The Retreat, Mangalore, South Canara, India.—"My daughters, Miss Doris Fanakan, age 16, Miss Hetty Fanaken, age 14, Miss Gladys Fanaken, age 11, and my son, Master Douglas Fanaken, age 9, would like to open correspondence with some nice girls and boys."

J. S. Gordon, P.O. Box 169, Bulawayo, S. Rhodesia, S. Africa.—"I am very wishful to correspond with Members of the farming community in Gloucestershire, Devonshire, and Buckinghamshire."

Albert W. Savage, 8, Glendale Gardens, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.—"I would be pleased to exchange stamps with any Over-Seas collectors, and also open to buy quantities of Colonial stamps."

H. W. Galea, c/o The Anglo-Egyptian Bank, Ltd., Cairo, Egypt, "would very much like to exchange correspondence with Members in all parts of the world."

Reginald Savage, 2266, Smith Street, Regina, Sask., Canada, will be pleased to give openings and opportunities to either sex in a good Over-Seas way. "With my experience travelling through the country I am in a position to give reliable information, and this will gladly be given in a friendly spirit to the best of my ability."

W. G. Adams, Plinlimmon, Mandeville, Jamaica, B.W.I.—"I will be pleased to exchange parcels of books with fellow Members; parcels should weigh just under seven or eleven pounds to conform with the postage regulations; paper-covered or cloth-bound books equally acceptable. Would also exchange stamps with any one for my son's collection."

Miss M. Waymouth, "The Birches," Laughall Massie, nr. Birkenhead.—"I would like to correspond with Members from all parts."

A Bruce Johnston, Caixa do Correio 38, Piracicaba, Sao Paulo, Brazil, S. America.—"I should like to exchange stamps with any one anywhere for Brazilian issues, and if you can spare me any from your office I shall be very much obliged."

R. N. Manby, Taos, New Mexico.—"I should like to receive a copy of the July, 1919, magazine."

Mrs. M. G. Brumby, G.I.P. Railway, Bina, Central Province, India.—"Any Members wishing to buy articles in India, tea, coffee, or anything else, can safely depend on my choice if they require my help."

Jack Foddy, 7, Midland Terrace, Ashley Road, Hale, Cheshire.—"I wonder if you could put me in touch with a fellow Member in Queensland, Australia."

A. S. Lejeune, P.O. Box 2, Benoni, Transvaal, S. Africa.—"I should like to exchange stamps of British Colonies for S. Africans."

"Hermann J. C. Hessi, c/o District Commissioner's Office, Kolforidua, Gold Coast Colony, West Africa, would like to correspond with Members residing in Canada, United States of America, Holland, and Egypt."

F. G. Brazier, P.O. Box 591, Bulawayo, Rhodesia, S. Africa.—"I would like to correspond with Members in the United States and California."

Advertiser's Announcement.

OVERSEAS

Your Unsuspected Self

By George Henry

"Compared with what we ought to be we are only half awake."—
WILLIAM JAMES.

Your Unsuspected Self.

ARE you the man or woman you ought to be ?

Beneath the Self of which you are conscious, there is a slumbering unsuspected Self, the depths of whose power you have never plumbed.

That Self is the man or woman you ought to be.

It is the Self of power and pride ; the Self that will do and dare all for worthy ideals ; the Self that will lift you from the masses of mediocrity to the heights of your dearest day-dreams ; the Self that is calmly confident and self-possessed ; the Self that leaves your "footprints on the sands of time."

It is your unsuspected Self that occasionally rises uppermost in a crisis—after you have set your teeth to go in and win ; and have won. And then you say, wonderingly : "How strange ! I didn't think I had it in me."

Let that Self be always uppermost ! Resolve to be always the man you ought to be !

But first discover your unsuspected Self.

Search through all the muddle and chaos of wrong thinking, of doubt and self-distrust, and find all those fine qualities, all those powerful potentialities, all those slumbering talents which we all, every one of us, possess.

To what end ? To the end that you may take your rightful place in the world ; to the end that you may lift yourself from the rut of mediocrity on to the broad, smooth speedway of progress, and that you may see life more clearly and with a comprehending eye.

How ?

The answer comes at once from half a million men and women who have discovered the absorbing and resultful nature of the Science of Self Realisation—Pelmanism—the movement which bids fair to revolutionise our conceptions of "Destiny" and Possibility.

GREAT BENEFITS.—What Pelmanism has meant to thousands of them cannot be measured in mere money—the benefits are far beyond material computation.

"When I think of what I was a year ago, it does not seem as if I am the same person. Pelmanism has taught me the value of self-expression," writes one man on completing the study of the "little grey books" in which Self-knowledge is so stimulatingly and lucidly revealed.

"I have got into a position that I should never have managed

OVERSEAS

a few months ago ; in fact, I can hardly believe myself," says another.

Your Unsuspected Self.

It is this quality of laying bare unsuspected powers and potentialities in its students which is making Pelmanism the greatest intellectual movement for a century.

Pelmanism has its cash values. The evidence showing how it enabled men and women to increase their income and material prosperity is so definite and so great in volume as to be overwhelming. Results such as 300 per cent., 200 per cent., and 100 per cent. increases of salary gained by Pelmanising are striking—almost amazing.

But Pelmanism does not stop there. If it did it would still be a movement of the greatest importance—especially to-day when material prosperity is so necessary a national ideal.

Pelmanism goes further. Educationally, Intellectually, Socially, Morally it is a movement that no earnest man or woman can afford to neglect.

THE PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY.—There is no sphere of life, no class, no rank, from Royalty to the humblest of its subjects, which does not contribute its considerable quota to the great rolls of the Pelman Institute.

Business men from the great captains of commerce to their clerks are ardent Pelmanists.

Professional men—lawyers, doctors, clergymen, teachers, artists, authors—have come to the knowledge that Pelmanism is a vital necessity to them, enabling them to surmount difficulties and achieve a greater degree of success in their vocations.

Industrially, too, Pelmanism is a great force for good. Thousands of workers report rapid promotion and a higher appreciation of life as a result of their studies.

Write to-day to the Pelman Institute, 36, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1 (or call personally, if possible).

By return you will receive, gratis and post-free :

1. A copy of " Mind and Memory."
2. A reprint of *Truth's* Report on Pelmanism.
3. Information enabling you to enrol on special terms.

You incur no obligation by applying for these particulars. Get them to-day. You may have missed opportunities in the past—don't miss this one. Send or call for this information and see how you can fit yourself to take full advantage of the great opportunities now opening out before every man or woman who possesses a trained and efficient and Pelmanised mind.

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We offer our services to residents abroad for the purchase and shipment of any goods they may require from Great Britain.
We are in constant touch with the leading manufacturers, and can secure the lowest possible prices and best discounts.
We are also able to secure for our clients abroad, Sole Agencies for important British Manufacturers.
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Telegrams: "EXPORTLIKE, LONDON."

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The Veterans' Association.

Patron: ADMIRAL EARL BEATTY, G.C.B., K.C.V.O.

£1,000,000

required for Demobilised Naval & Military Heroes.

1. To establish and endow the Veterans' Club as Permanent Headquarters with 1,000 Beds.
2. To establish a Convalescent Home in connection with the Scheme for those whose wounds or sickness necessitate treatment after returning to civil life, and for those who are incapacitated after many years' service with the Colours.

Contributions should be addressed to :—
THE SECRETARY, Veterans' Association,
47, Bedford Row, London, W.C. 1,
England.

Y.M.C.A. RECREATION HUTS FOR BRITISH TROOPS OVERSEAS.

Sub-Committee :

President H.H. PRINCESS HELENA VICTORIA, C.I., G.B.E.

Hon. Secretary: LADY MALCOLM, M.B.E.

Hon. Treasurer: MR BARNARD COWTAN.

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Sir Arthur Yapp, K.B.E. (of the Y.M.C.A.).

The Y.M.C.A. Ladies' Committee, of which Her Highness Princess Helena Victoria is President, and Lady Malcolm Hon. Secretary, are doing a most valuable work amongst the soldiers overseas. Since the commencement of the War, they have sent out more than 1,400 ladies, who have given their services voluntarily, to serve in the Huts in France, Germany, Belgium, Malta, Egypt, etc. These ladies have assisted by serving refreshments, organising games among the men, helping them with their letters, giving them sympathy and encouragement, teaching them languages, and in many ways ministering to the comfort of the soldiers. The work the Y.M.C.A. ladies have done in the Hostels for the relatives of sick and wounded in France has been of the greatest value, and still calls for sympathy and support in the Hospital centres.

A Special Appeal is made for Games of all kinds, and Gramophones and Records for the Troops.

VOLUNTARY LADY WORKERS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

Contributions will be gratefully received by the Committee, and all communications should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Recreation Huts Overseas, 10, Russell Square, W.C. 1.

Note.—Owing to the demobilization of the Troops generally, and particularly in France, it was considered advisable by the Committee of the Recreation Huts at the Base Camps in France, that their work should now be recognized as for the Recreation Huts for British Troops Overseas.

THE CHURCH ARMY NON-STOP

WOMEN'S WORK FOR AFTER-WAR CONDITIONS.

Non-Stop and Increased Service Urgently Called For.

NIGHT RESCUE WORK. EMPLOYMENT. EMIGRATION.

Thousands of Women, Children, Widows' Families

HOUSED CLOTHED, DOCTORED AND CARED FOR.

More Training Homes, Safe Lodgings and Classified Clubs for Women and Girls Needed.

MEDICAL MISSION. FRESH AIR HOMES. HOMES FOR MOTHERLESS CHILDREN.

BABY WELFARE AND CRECHE WORK.

CLOTHING AND FUNDS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

NO GIFT TOO SMALL. NO GIFT TOO GREAT.

Please send quickly in kind or money to Hon. Secretary, Women's Work, Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W. 1, cheques being crossed "Barclays, a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary.

THE NAVY LEAGUE

FOUNDED JANUARY, 1895.

13, Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1.

The Navy League appeals for financial support to enable it to develop the propagandist and educational work upon which it is now engaged in relation to the spreading of the knowledge of Sea-Power and its uses in peace as well as in war-time. Sea supremacy has been and must always remain the basic foundation on which the security of the Empire rests.

JOIN THE NAVY LEAGUE!

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:—	£	s.	d.
Life Vice-President	25	0	0
Life Fellow	10	0	0
Vice-Presidents (annually)	5	0	0
Fellow	1	1	0
Member with *The Navy*, post free ...		5	0
Member with *The Quarterly*, post free ...		1	0

"THE NAVY," the official mouthpiece of the organisation, is sent free to every Member subscribing annually 5/- and upwards

ARMENIA.

The natives of this land are **The Most Persecuted People in the World.**

They have suffered such terrible outrages and massacres at the hand of the Turk, that they compel the sympathy of all. There are thousands of helpless orphan Children and friendless, destitute Widows who need food and clothing. Industries have been started and orphanages established, but the need is great.

WILL YOU SEND HELP?

DONATIONS towards the relief of distress, the orphanages and general work, should be sent to E. Wright Brooks, Esq., 47, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W. 1.

THE FRIENDS OF ARMENIA.

President: Lady Frederick Cavendish. Hon. Sec.: Mrs. Mary Hickson.
Chairman and Hon. Treas.: E. W. Brooks, Esq. Office Sec.: Miss M. Russell.

THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY

STAR AND GARTER HOME

FOR

DISABLED SAILORS AND SOLDIERS

THE Star & Garter Home for Disabled Sailors and Soldiers, Richmond, England, has been established by the British Red Cross Society, under the patronage of H.M. the Queen, as a permanent memorial of the Great War. On the site of the old Star & Garter Hotel, of famous memory, a noble building is being erected, to accommodate about 160 men. In the meantime the Annexe of the Hotel was opened, in January, 1916, as a temporary Hospital for Sailors and Soldiers paralysed by wounds, since when nearly 200 patients have been admitted.

A Branch of the Star & Garter will also be founded at the seaside, to promote the health and welfare of the patients. The help of our kinsmen overseas towards the Building Fund will be warmly welcomed.

Address all subscriptions to:

THE SECRETARY, STAR & GARTER COMMITTEE,
83, Pall Mall, London, S.W. 1.

THE SHIPWRECKED MARINERS SOCIETY

(Patron: H.M. The King.)

Beside Succouring the Shipwrecked,

RELIEVES THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS of those drowned at sea, making grants to seamen's widows, and for each child under 14 years of age.

ENCOURAGES THRIFT.—Sailors and Fishermen can subscribe to provide against (1) their own distress; (2) the needs of their dependent relatives.

CONTRIBUTIONS MOST EARNESTLY SOLICITED.

Can be sent to— GERALD E. MAUDE, Esq., *Secretary,*
Central Office: 26, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, London, S.W. 1.
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A rethusa Training Ship.
R oyston Home for Little Girls.
E aling Home for Girls.
T wickenham Home for Boys.
H omes at Bisley, Surrey, for Boys.
U p-to-date training in every branch.
S udbury Homes for Girls.
A Hostel in London and A Technical School for Senior Lads.

ALL NEED HELP

The "Arethusa" Training Ship and the Shaftesbury Homes as above are all branches of the National Refuges, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

Patrons: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.
President: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
Chairman and Treasurer: C. E. MALDEN, Esq., M.A.
Chairman of Ship Committee: HOWSON F. DEVITT, Esq.
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You Can Live { ***13 days without Food.*** ***3 days without Water.*** ***Only 3 minutes without Air.***

Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh and Whooping Cough

Reduce the Air Ration below Health Point.

The natural consequence is that the breathing is affected, the bronchial tubes or bronchi become inflamed, and cough, more or less serious, follows. If neglected the entire respiratory system is weakened, and that way consumption lies. Children suffer more frequently from such complaints than do their elders, the death rate among the very young being truly appalling, and in too many instances due entirely to thoughtless neglect.

The World's Supreme Remedy

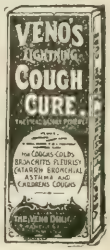
is Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, so called because of the rapidity with which it overcomes chronic coughs and cures deep-seated and long-standing cases of any of the above-named troubles. Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, in Open Competition with the world, was

AWARDED GRAND PRIX AND GOLD MEDAL AT THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION, PARIS, 1910

for its purity, efficacy, and pharmaceutical excellence.

Many thousands of testimonials from cured patients, scientific men, and doctors have been received. The following is an example :–

Chas. Hyatt-Woolf, Esq., F.R.P.S., F.R.S.L., *in his work, "Truths About Things We Live On and Daily Use," says : "I have experimented in the laboratory with Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and I have likewise applied it in practice . . . . In all cases to which I applied it the influence of this remedy was most marked."*



Reduced size-simile of original package Refuse all imitations & substitutes

Never Touched by Hand.

The manufacture of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is conducted under the most hygienic conditions, supervised by trained pharmacists, and the product is never touched by human hands.

Liquid or Pastilles.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is prepared as a liquid medicine, and also in the form of pastilles, the latter being packed in hermetically-sealed tins, which are always handy for use.

Ask always for Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. It is sold by Chemists, Stores, and Medicine Dealers in all parts of the world. If your Chemist is out of stock he will get it for you.

English Prices, 1/3 & 3/-

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Sole Proprietors: The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, Eng.

The Merchant Service

Gets but little of the bounteous offerings sent home by Patriotic Britons Overseas for War Charities.

The "jugular vein of the Nation" and the "weaver of the web of Empire" badly wants help of this kind.

An urgent appeal is, therefore, made for contributions to

The Fryatt Memorial Fund.

Patrons:—Admiral Viscount Jellicoe, Admiral Sir David Beatty and others.

This Fund is doing excellent work in alleviating suffering and distress amongst Officers of the Merchant Service and their dependents, and maintaining and educating their children where necessitous circumstances exist. It is the only Fund of its kind in existence and is akin to the "Officers' Families Fund," which does such grand work for the Officers of the Navy and Army, but does not cover the Merchant Service.

So far the sum of £9,000 only has been raised. The result is that many demands on the Fund cannot be met.

Contributions will be most gratefully received by :—

HON. LIEUT. T. W. MOORE, M.B.E., R.N.R.,
Imperial Merchant Service Guild,
The Arcade, LIVERPOOL.

CITIZENSHIP.

The TRAINED BOY of to-day is

A NATIONAL ASSET.

Nearly a quarter of a million members and ex-members of

The Church Lads' Brigade

(King's Royal Rifle Corps Cadets)

Have served in H.M. Forces in the Great War.

No less than 16 Victoria Crosses and over 400 other Distinctions

have been gained by members of

The Church Lads' Brigade

PATRIOTISM.

Will you help the Church Lads' Brigade to continue its great work for the Empire and the Religious, Moral, and Physical Welfare of "our men of a few years hence"?

Contributions should be sent to the Secretary, The Rev. EDGAR ROGERS, M.A., Church Lads' Brigade, Aldwych House, Catherine Street, Aldwych, London, W.C. 2.

ESTABLISHED 1818. INCORPORATED 1905.

Over 100 Years Ago

Trafalgar was fought and won, and the

British & Foreign Sailors' Society

Was founded. It now has Homes in nearly 100 Ports throughout the World.

Funds are urgently needed to continue and extend the Society's operations, which include:

SEA TRAINING FOR BOYS.

A NAUTICAL SCHOOL FOR YOUNG SAILORS.

A LARGE RELIEF DEPARTMENT FOR SAILORS AND DEPENDENTS.

THE INTERNATIONAL SAILORS' BROTHERHOOD.

MEMORIAL HOSTEL FOR THE PORT OF LONDON.

Will You Help Us?

Donations gratefully received by Sir Frederick Green, K.B.E., Honorary Treasurer, 32, Cheapside, London, E.C. 2.

Bankers:
THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

General Secretary:
REV. T. EYNON DAVIES.

OVERSEAS

Dr. Barnardo's Homes

The Army of the Future

Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

OW the War is over and the remnant of those many millions of men who went forth to do and die in our defence have laid aside their khaki—

Now the looms are once more running, the offices humming with their old stir of peace-time business and interest ; now the farmers, looking out upon their wider range of good brown, seed-hungry soil, are thinking of the many " hands " they will need to give that soil its due—

From all sides of that Empire upon which the sun never sets, mines, shipyards, factories, railways, roads, and all the other countless homes of labour are crying out for men, and still more men—

Now, counting one by one the army of the future, the army of peace ; noting the long, long gaps in its gallant ranks—

Now do we realise as we never did before, and now do we fully appreciate, the all-important fact that Britain's real army is the coming generation, her hope of future welfare is vested in the child. Never in all her varied history has she needed so vitally as now the healthy life of every boy and girl born within her wide boundaries, and never before was the work of the Barnardo Homes so valuable from a national point of view.

For over fifty years the Barnardo Homes have been saving children, and during that time they have fashioned and are fashioning, out of the raw material of utter destitution, tens of thousands of capable citizens. They provided 10,715 men for the Great War; they have sent farmers to the Dominions ; artisans to the workshops ; and year by year they have held 300 sailors in training for the Navy and Mercantile Marine.

From the cities and towns of the British Isles, from the villages and countryside, these destitute children come, and under the training of the Homes they grow and flourish till fit and worthy for a place in the Empire's ranks.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes are very grateful for the support accorded them by Overseas friends. The following is a further list of gifts

Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

to the Food Bill Fund from Overseas, which are gratefully acknowledged :—

	£	s.	d.
First Army Concert Party, "Les Rouges et Noirs" (further gift on closing down)	1,000	0	0
Hongkong War Charities Committee (further gift)	500	0	0
Friends in Hongkong, to endow the "Hongkong Bed"	500	0	0
20th Corps Second Race Meeting, Egypt (further gift)	450	0	0
P. & O. Engineers' Club, Bombay, on Dissolution (£400 in War Stock and £41 7s. 10d. cash)	441	7	10
Zeebrugge Naval Base Canteen Committee	193	0	6
"E.J.P.," East Persia	150	0	0
"The Magpies" Concert Party, Federated Malay States	121	15	10
Ministering Children's League, Shanghai	100	0	0
Readers of *Otago Daily Times*, Dunedin	55	1	3
Collection on S.S. *Highland Laddie*	50	0	0
Concepcion Branch of Over-Seas Club	50	0	0
Employees of the Guantanamo Railroad Company, Cuba, representing a bonus of 5 per cent. given the men (all Cubans) by the Company	21	16	8
Lusikisiki War Relief Fund	20	0	0
Women's Patriotic Society, Apia, Samoa	20	0	0
Mount Ayliff Ladies' War Fund (further gift)	15	0	0
XIIIth Corps Troops, M.T. Coy. B.E.F.	14	0	0
The Powhattan Club, Shanghai	12	19	4
Readers of "Adelaide Register"	11	17	6
Ceylon Planters' One Day's Pay Fund (14th gift)	10	0	0
Cebu Branch Over-Seas Club	10	0	0
Over-Seas Club, North Adams, Mass., U.S.A.	10	0	0
Cathcart Consolidated War Fund	3	0	0
Randfontein Estates Gold Mining Co.	2	0	0
"The Lily of Kasauli," Chapter No. 200	2	2	0
"M.W.," Virginia, U.S.A.	1	1	0

Further gifts to the Food Bill Fund are urgently necessary, for the family to-day numbers 7,291 boys and girls. Children are admitted at the rate of thirty per week ; in one week recently no fewer than forty-nine were admitted.

Donations of any kind, money, War Loans, endowments, clothing, blankets, toys, food, will be most gratefully received, and should be sent to the Honorary Director, William Baker, Esq., M.A., LL.B., 18–26, Stepney Causeway, London, E. 1.

Cheques and orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Bill Fund," and crossed "Barclays Bank, Ltd., a/c Barnardo's Homes."

Farm Colony for Soldiers & Sailors Suffering from Tuberculosis.

(National Association for the Prevention of Consumption.)

Patron: HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
Chairman of Council: The Rt. Hon. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, K.T., G.C.V.O., G.C.M.G.
Hon. Treasurers: The Right Hon. Lord Glenconner.
J. Francis Mason, Esq., M.P.
Hon. Secretary: J. J. Perkins, Esq., M.B., F.R.C.P.
Secretary: Miss Stickland.

EVERY CITIZEN - SOLDIER who in fighting for his country has lost his health, and thereby the means of self-support, becomes of necessity the care of the Nation.

The case of the Blind and Limbless is well in hand.

LET US THINK OF THE TUBERCULOUS.

THE FARM COLONY for Sailors and Soldiers aims at completing the cure of suitable patients from Hospitals and Sanatoria, helping them to work out their salvation under proper conditions, training those who require it in **some open-air, healthy occupation suited to their condition, especially fitting them for a life on the land,** that they may become once more self-supporting citizens.

IT IS ESTIMATED that **£50,000** will be needed for the Farm Colony. Donations will be gratefully received if sent to the Honorary Treasurer, **The Lord Glenconner, 20, Hanover Square, Oxford Circus, London, W. 1.**

PRACTICAL HELP now means a new lease of life to a suffering ex-Service man.

THE NATIONAL WAY

and the *most practical way* of finding permanent employment for the men broken in the War is at the

Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops

THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

TRY as one will to find a better way of securing permanent employment for our totally disabled Soldiers and Sailors, it resolves itself finally to this—that the man ***must work*** in the ***company of men similarly afflicted***, and he ***must work at a machine.*** We have tried every other plan and failed. We have tried the best machinery and found it the only way. We are buying more as fast as our Capital Fund increases. Just as modern machinery has solved the munition supply problem, so has machinery solved the problem of what to do for our broken men. Come and see the men at work. You will never help any other method afterwards. Ask the men themselves. They know. They work at our shops in comfort, sympathy and comradeship. They make good articles that sell at commercial prices, and they earn good wages by doing so. They have helped to break the German Army—now they are helping to break the German trade grip. The products of Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops are sold by leading retailers everywhere, and these merchants will tell you that the goods are capturing the trade heretofore held by the German. So by helping our Capital Fund you do many good things. Send a Cheque to-day. Insist on our products.

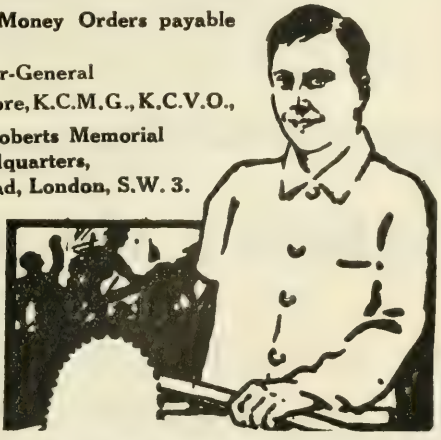
Make Cheques or Money Orders payable to the Chairman,

Major-General

The Lord Cheylesmore, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O.,

The Lord Roberts Memorial Headquarters,

122, Brompton Road, London, S.W. 3.



The Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops for Disabled Soldiers and Sailors.

[*Registered under the Charities Act, 1916.*]

The Rt. Hon. Sir Fredk. Milner, Bt., *Hon. Treas.*

Major Sir A. Tudor Craig, K.B.E., F.S.A., *Comptroller.*

Chas. Fredk. Higham, M.P. *Hon. Appeal Organiser.*

CHILDREN'S HOME STORIES

VI.—"HARD NUTS."

At the Edgworth Branch we sometimes have "difficult" cases. Here is the story of two "hard nuts," one of whom came to us direct from the Police Court.

This was "Tommy," who, at fourteen, was already a "wizened little criminal," having been twice in prison. Behold him before the "Beak" for the third time.

"But what chance has he ever had?" asked the Magistrate. "Give him to me and let me try to save him."

The boy was sent to Edgworth, whose Governor took him apart and said: "Tommy, shall we be friends? Let's forget all about prison and policemen, and begin again."

With plenty of food and no need to steal, Tommy grew to a fine lad, went to Canada, and won from his master this high praise—"The best boy I ever had."

The other boy was "Billy."

After a course of happy training, he, too, went to Canada. One day he heard his master say: "If I could build an aqueduct across that ravine I could double the value of this farm."

Billy remembered the quarrying he had done at Edgworth. He wrote here for a set of tools and built the aqueduct.

The first thing that happened after that was a big rise in Billy's wages. The second, that Billy married his master's daughter. The third, that on the wedding-day the farmer made the happy pair a present of that half of the farm that Billy's aqueduct had made fruitful.

Please send the funds and we'll crack the "nuts."

Mention this paper and address: The Principal (Rev. W. Hodson Smith)—

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Treasurers:

J. R. BARLOW, Esq., J.P. Sir CHARLES C. WAKEFIELD, Bart., C.B.E.

Q.W.R.

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OBJECTS IN BRIEF.

1. To erect a permanent memorial.
2. To provide a fund to help dependents of members.
3. To help members to restart in civil life.

Every effort has been made to send full particulars to all likely to be interested, but any who have not yet received particulars are requested to communicate with the Hon. Secretary,

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PATRON: His Most Gracious Majesty The King.

THE Council of the King's Fund gratefully desire to acknowledge the generous assistance received from Britons abroad during the past twelve months.

The King's Fund is an active Fund. Up to October 18th, 1919, the total number of grants made was 28,422 amounting to £878,951 10s. 6d.

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Grants, up to a maximum of £150, are made for the following purposes :—

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To assist widows of officers or men who have lost their lives in the war, to start in an occupation, or business, or to change their homes, or to proceed abroad alone, or with their children, or to cover expenses consequent on widowhood ;

To assist orphan sons and daughters, not over 21 years of age, of officers and men, to make a start in life, or to purchase equipment, plant, instruments, stock, books, clothes, etc., or in special cases to pay for education or apprenticeship ;

To provide similar help for disabled nurses ; and for the dependants of officers or men ;

To supplement grants already made from the Fund ;

To assist officers and men and/or their families to emigrate ;

To meet applications for other forms of special assistance in cases in which no grant has been or can be made out of public funds.

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* * * * * * * *

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New lamps for old—blue eyes whose light had faded :
New lamps for old—brown eyes whose Fires are dead ;
Vain our desires their flames again to kindle.
As vain as every tear in pity shed !

New lamps for old—can we bring back the lustre
To eyes where blackest night must ever reign ?
New lamps for old—why cheat by empty phrases
The hopes of those who ne'er will see again ?

New lamps for old—behold those groping fingers,
The feet that falter on the unguessed way
The upturned face that feels the sweet sun's rapture
And only thus turns darkness into day.

New lamps for old—behind those vacant eyeballs
There lies a brain that has a thousand eyes,
That can be taught to see the hidden wonder
Which in an unseen world most surely lies.

New lamps for old—instead of pity, feeling
Instead of tears, the minstrelsy of mirth,
And best of all a tender understanding
That lights anew the flame of sweet rebirth.

E. le B. M.

* * * * * * * *

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